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# SACRED POEMS AND PIOUS EJACULATIONS.

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*SILEX SCINTILLANS, ETC.*

# SACRED POEMS AND PIOUS EJACULATIONS.

## BY HENRY VAUGHAN,

*"SILURIST."*

WITH A MEMOIR

BY THE REV. H. F. LYTE.

JOB XXXV. 10, 11.

Where is God my Maker, who giveth Songs in the night?
Who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven?

LONDON
GEORGE BELL AND SONS
1900

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

FOR the present reprint of the Rev. H. F. Lyte's selection from the Poems of Henry Vaughan "the Silurist," the text has been more than once read with the originals; and a few literal errors have in consequence been corrected. Mr. Lyte's modernization of the spelling of a few of the words is retained, as well as his apparently necessary corrections of the press; but in the latter case the added word is either given in brackets or justified by means of a foot-note.

The two parts of the 'Silex Scintillans,' Henry Vaughan's principal work, are given entire. The 'Pious Thoughts and Ejaculations' are also given entire, being all the poems under that head—except two or three in Latin—appearing in the very rare[1] 'Thalia Rediviva,' and about half the entire contents of that volume. The collection thus comprises the whole of the sacred poems of the author.

LONDON, 1882.

[1] Very rare because it is thought that the author bought up the copies to suppress it. The copy in the British Museum is believed to be unique.

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# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

# *HENRY VAUGHAN*

# THE SILURIST.

## *Authoris (de se) Emblema.*[1]

*Tentâsti, fateor, sine vulnere sæpius, et me*
*Consultum voluit* Vox, *sine voce, frequens ;*
*Ambivit placido divinior aura meatu,*
*Et frustrà sancto murmure prœmonuit.*
*Surdus eram, mutusque* Silex : *Tu, (quanta tuorum*
*Cura tibi est !) aliâ das renovare viâ ;*
*Permutas Curam : Jamque irritatus* Amorem
*Posse negas, et vim,* Vi, *superare paras ;*
*Accedis propior, molemque, et saxea rumpis*
*Pectora, fitque* Caro, *quod fuit ante* Lapis.
*En lacerum ! Cœlosque tuos ardentia tandem*
Fragmenta, *et liquidas ex* Adamante *genas !*
*Sic olim undantes* Petras, Scopulosque *vomentes*
*Curâsti, O populi providus usque tui !*
*Quam miranda tibi manus est !* Moriendo, *revixi ;*
*Et* fractas *jam sum* ditior *inter* opes.

[1] These lines were illustrated in the first edition of 'Silex Scintillans,' 1650, by the engraved title-page, which showed a thunderbolt striking sparks from a flinty heart. Both "Emblema" and engraved title were omitted from the second edition, 1655.—Ed.

# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

## HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE principal collections of the British poets were made at a time when the taste for French correctness was in the ascendant among us. This may in some measure account for the fact that so many smooth Rhymsters, such as Pomfret, Yalden, Lansdown, &c., have been placed on that august list, while Lord Brooke, the Fletchers, Withers, Herrick, Habington, and Quarles, have been excluded from it; and it is only when some happy accident brings these writers and their productions under our notice, that we discover how many of the true poets of England have been pushed from their places, to make room for mere pretenders to the title. In some instances it would almost seem as if these writers had been studiously run down by those, who stole from them first, and then sought to con-

sign them to obscurity, in order to cover their own plagiarisms. From the days of Milton, however, down to those of Burns and Cowper, a very low standard of poetic excellence prevailed in this country, and a trifling offence against good taste, a slight ruggedness in style and composition, were sufficient to condemn a poet of no mean order to oblivion; as if any correctness of taste or smoothness of versification could atone for the actual dearth of originality.

Among those who have experienced in a remarkable degree this unfair treatment is the Poet, a part of whose works we propose now to republish. He is entirely unnoticed in the great collections of Bell, Anderson, and Chalmers; and even Campbell, in his specimens of the British poets, speaks in the most slighting manner of his talents and productions. All this, however, is trifling in comparison with the treatment he receives at the hand of his own County Historian, Jones. This writer actually doubts whether Henry Vaughan ever produced any poetry whatever. He tells us that two little pieces of his, the *Olor Iscanus*, and the *Charnel House*, were published by Thomas Vaughan, in the name of his brother Henry; but that they were generally believed to be Thomas Vaughan's own compositions. So ignorantly and flippantly could the Historian of Brecknockshire write respecting one of its greatest literary ornaments, whose works, now before us, amount to seven printed volumes.

How far this depreciation was deserved, the poems preserved in the following pages will best testify; but we are much deceived if many of them do not commend themselves to all readers of true poetic taste, as among the most striking compositions of their age. In this case a desire will naturally arise to know something respecting the Author, and this curiosity the Editor here endeavours to gratify: and after carefully looking through the aforesaid volumes, and making what enquiries he could both at Oxford and in the neighbourhood where Vaughan lived and died, he offers in the following biographical sketch the results of his researches. It may be as well here further to observe that Henry Vaughan the poet, must not be confounded with another of the same name, college, and neighbourhood, who wrote two little theological pieces of some merit. Though possessing so many features in common, they were, as the records of Jesus College show, totally different persons.

Henry Vaughan, styled by his contemporaries "the Silurist," from his having been born among the Silures, or people of South Wales, was descended from one of the most ancient and respectable families of the Principality, deducing its pedigree from the ancient kings of that country. Two of his ancestors, Sir Roger Vaughan and Sir David Gam, lost their lives at the battle of Agincourt. His great grandmother was Lady Frances Somerset, daughter of Thomas Somerset, third son of

Henry Earl of Worcester, and the possessions of the Vaughan family were very extensive both in Brecknockshire and in other parts of Wales. The chief family residence was the castle of Tretower, in the parish of Cwmdû, and, when it was dismantled, Skethrock, or Scethrog, in the same neighbourhood. At this latter place Shakespeare is said to have paid a visit to one of the family, and his commentator, Malone, thinks that it was perhaps there that he picked up the word "Puck," respecting the origin of which some of his critics have been much puzzled. Pooky in Welsh signifies a goblin, and near Scethrog exists a valley, Cwm-Pooky, the goblin's vale, which belonged to the Vaughans, and which a tradition, still extant, states to have been a favourite resort of some distinguished "Bard," who had once visited that neighbourhood. The grandfather of the poet appears to have migrated from Tretower to Newton, in the parish of Llansaintfread, about five miles distant from the family residence; and there his son Henry, in the year 1621, had issue Henry and Thomas Vaughan, twin brothers, the former of them the subject of the present memoir. Newton, once a comfortable mansion, is now a farmhouse near the Usk, on the road leading from Crickhowel to Brecon, and distant about five miles from the latter place. Henry Vaughan styles it himself, in the date affixed to one of his dedications, "Newton by Uske, near Skethrock." The situation is a very beautiful one,

well calculated to nurse poetic thought and feeling; and there is abundant evidence in Vaughan's works, to show that it was not unappreciated by its poetic occupant. There are some very sweet Latin verses in one of his early volumes, addressed to the Usk, and the following lines occur in one of his English apostrophies to the same river:—

> "Garlands and songs and roundelayes,
> Mild dewie nights, and sunshine dayes,
> The turtle's voyce, joy without fear,
> Dwell on thy bosome all the year!
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> The factour-wind from far shall bring
> The odours of the scattered spring,
> And loaden with the rich arreare
> Spend it in spicie whispers here."
>
> *Olor Isc.* p. 2.

At the age of eleven years Henry Vaughan and his brother were sent for education to the Rev. Matthew Herbert, Rector of Llangattock, under whose tuition they continued during the ensuing six years. Here they seem to have made considerable progress in classical literature, and to have imbibed a strong affection for their tutor, as well as a lively sense of their obligations towards him. They have both left behind them elegant and affectionate tributes, in Latin Elegiacs, to their old preceptor, and the graceful classicality of these compositions proves how well their praises were deserved.

From Llangattock the brothers in due time moved on to Oxford, and entered at Jesus

College in the year 1638. They were then between 17 and 18 years of age, and well qualified for engaging in the studies of the University. They had fallen, however, on times unpropitious to literary pursuits. The great rebellion was now fermenting, and politics seemed to push everything else into the back ground. The king too by-and-by moved his Court from London to Oxford, where he had the sympathy and support of almost all the members of the University. It was scarcely to be expected that two young and ardent spirits, like those of the Vaughans, would be indifferent to the Royal cause. They were sprung from a family distinguished for its loyalty; and Wales throughout the Civil War was always favourable to Charles: accordingly we find them both zealous royalists. Thomas Vaughan actually bore arms on the King's side, and Henry suffered obloquy and imprisonment for his known and avowed attachment to his Royal master. This latter fact appears from a poem of his addressed to his "learned friend and *loyal fellow prisoner*, Thomas Powell, D.D." Whether he ever actually took the field on the King's side may be a matter of doubt. He speaks in a poem of his, of having been "torn from the side" of a dear young friend, R. W., in the battle of Rowton Heath, near Chester, 1645; and there are other passages in his works which seem to intimate that he had been engaged in actual conflict with the enemy. However, on the other hand, a Latin poem of his, written in

1647, expressly asserts that he had then nothing to do with open warfare. He considered, he tells us, that there was a voice in a brother's blood, which would cry to Heaven against the shedder of it, and therefore he conscientiously abstained from meeting in the field his infatuated countrymen, though not from the advocacy of his Sovereign's cause by every means which he deemed legitimate. His brother Thomas, however, had none of these scruples; and as his History is rather a singular one, it may as well be here pursued to its close. Obtaining ordination from Bishop Mainwaring, he was presented by a distant relation to the living of Llansaintfread, the place of his birth, and went to reside there, close to his brother Henry. The Parliamentary Ecclesiastical Commissioners soon afterwards commenced their inquisitorial visitations, and Thomas Vaughan was expelled by them from his living, on the usual charges of drunkenness, swearing, incontinency, *and having borne arms for the King*, the latter probably being, as in many other instances, his only real offence. On this event he retired to Oxford, and devoted the rest of his life to Chemistry, or rather Alchemy, under the auspices of Sir Robert Murray, Secretary of State for Scotland, himself a great admirer of these studies. While in his service Thomas Vaughan published several works in verse and prose under the name of Eugenius Philalethes. The titles of some of these are very whimsical and amusing. There is first "*Anima magica abscondita, or a*

*discourse of the Universal Spirit of Nature, with the strange, abstruse, and miraculous ascent and descent.*—London, 1650." "*Anthroposophia Theomagica, or a discourse of the Nature of Man, and his state after death, grounded on his Creator's proto-chemistry.*—London, 1650." "*Magia Adamica, or the Antiquity of Magic, and the descent thereof from Adam downward, proved; together with a perfect and full discovery of the true Cœlum terræ, or the Magician's Heavenly Chaos, and first matter of all things.*—London, 1650." The last that we shall mention is, "*Euphrates, or the waters of the East; being a short discourse of that secret fountain, whose water flows from fire, and carries in it the beams of the sun and moon;* London, 1653." In the year 1665, on the Plague breaking out in London, the Court of Charles II. removed to Oxford, and Thomas Vaughan and his patron accompanied it. A few days afterwards, however, he was taken ill, and, retiring to Albury, in the neighbourhood, he died there, Feb. 27th, 1665. Anthony Wood sums up his character by saying, "He was a great Chymist, a noted lover of the fire, an experimental Philosopher, a zealous brother of the Rosicrucian fraternity, an understander of some of the Oriental languages, and a tolerable good English and Latin Poet. He was neither Papist nor Sectary, but a true resolute Protestant, in the best sense of the Church of England." The two brothers seem to have been always strongly attached to each other. Thomas had the highest admiration of his bro-

ther's poetical powers, and ushered in his early works with strong prefatorial commendations; and Henry pathetically laments his more eccentric brother's untimely death, in the verses entitled "*Daphnis*," printed at the end of this volume.

It was during this period of Henry Vaughan's life that his earliest verses were produced. He was intimate with most of the young literary men of the day, and his occasional effusions appear to have been highly prized and long remembered among them. He speaks with much delight of his occasional visits to London at this time, and of the social evenings spent there at the Globe Tavern. He mentions Randolph as one whom he specially delighted in. He flung his poetic tribute, along with so many others, on Cartwright's premature hearse. Fletcher's plays, published in 1647, came out with commendatory verses of his prefixed to them. And Ben Jonson, "great Ben," seems to have been an object of his peculiar admiration. At this period also his own first publication was given to the world, a little volume of verses, chiefly amatory, addressed to Amoret, in the light easy style of the day, and closing with a translation —not a close one—of the 10th satire of Juvenal. Some of these poems exhibit a good deal of vigour and freedom in their versification. The following is a favourable specimen:

"But grant some richer planet at my birth
Had spied me out, and measured so much earth

Or gold unto my share, I should have been
Slave to these lower elements, and seen
My high-born soul flagge with their drosse, and lye
A prisoner to base mud and alchemie.
I should perhaps eate orphans, and sucke up
A dozen distrest widowes in one cup.

* * * * * *

Thanks then for this deliverance, Blessed Powers!
You that dispense man's fortune and his houres!
How am I to you all engaged, that thus
By such strange meanes, almost miraculous,
You should preserve me? you have gone the way
To make me rich by taking all away.
For I, had I been rich, as sure as fate,
Would have been meddling with the king or state,
Or something to undoe me; and 'tis fit,
We know, that who hath wealth should have no wit.
But above all thanks to that Providence,
That armed me with a gallant soule and sense
'Gainst all mistortunes, that hath breathed so much
Of Heaven into me, that I scorn the touch
Of these low things, and can with courage dare
Whatever fate or malice can prepare.
I envy no man's purse or mines. I know
That losing them I've lost their curses too."

The little volume from whence these lines are taken is entitled, "*Poems, with the tenth Satyre of Juvenal Englished, by Henry Vaughan, Gent.* London, 1646."

It became, however, now necessary that Henry Vaughan should turn his attention to some profession for a livelihood. Whatever patrimony may have descended to him by inheritance, it appears to have been inadequate to his support. Besides, he was a Poet, one of that race of whom he playfully says himself,

"Thou shalt not find a rich one Take each clime,
And run o'er all the pilgrimage of time,

Thou'lt meet them poor, and everywhere descrie
A threadbare, gold-less genealogie."

That this lot was not indeed a very distressing one to him, we may conjecture from a passage already quoted, as well as from other fine lines of his, in which, addressing Fortune, he says,

"I care not for your wondrous hat and purse!
The world's my palace. I'll contemplate there;
And make my progress into every sphere.
The chambers of the aire are mine, those three
Well furnished stories my possession be.
I hold them all *in capite*, and stand
Propt by my fancy there. I scorn your land,
It lies so far below me. Here I see
How all the sacred stars do circle me."

Then, after casting off all the grosser parts of nature, he proceeds,

"Get up, my disentangled soul! thy fire
Is now refined, and nothing left to tire
Or clog thy wings. Now my auspicious flight
Hath brought me to the Empyrean light.
I am a separate essence, and can see
The emanations of the Deitie.
And how they pass the seraphims, and run
Through every throne and domination.
With angels now and spirits do I dwell;
And here it is my nature to do well.
And shall I then forsake the stars and signs,
To dote upon thy dark and cursed mines?"

All this however, though fine in the way of poetic speculation, would not do for every day practice. Accordingly, Henry Vaughan, having no taste for the Church, (indeed there was not much to attract him thither in such times) turned his attention to medical pursuits, and

leaving Oxford, without graduating there, he went to London, and in due time became M.D., and retired to practise at Brecknock (now Brecon) the county town, a few miles distant from his native place. He found things greatly changed there under the republican régime, and not very congenial, it would seem, to his own feelings.

"Here's brotherly Ruffs and Beards, and a strange sight
Of high monumental Hats, tane at the fight
Of eighty eight; while every Burgesse foots
The mortal Pavement in eternall boots."

We find him accordingly soon migrating from thence to his native residence, Newton, where he continued to pursue his profession, and to employ his leisure hours in various literary occupations.

About this time it was that he prepared for the press his little volume entitled "*Olor Iscanus*," [1] the swan of the Usk, the dedication of which to Kildare, Lord Digby, bears date December 17, 1647. This volume however he never himself published. It appears to have been consigned to the hands of his brother, when he returned to Oxford on his ejection from the living of Llansaintfread, and in 1651, three years afterwards, it was printed by him, with an apologetic advertisement, and com-

[1] Olor Iscanus. A Collection of some select Poems, and Translations. *Formerly Written by Mr. Henry Vaughan, Silurist.* Published by a Friend. London: Printed by P. W. for Humphrey Moseley, 1651.

mendatory verses from himself and other Oxford friends. Thomas Vaughan, in his address to the Reader, expressly says, "I have not the Author's approbation to the fact," (viz. of publication) "but I have Law on my side," (as) "I hold it no man's prerogative to fire his own house." It would appear therefore that Henry Vaughan wished to have destroyed these ebullitions of his youthful muse, as he had many others of the same kind, and that they were in the end published contrary to his desire. Yet there is really nothing objectionable in the volume. The poems contained in it are not of a strictly religious character; yet they are full of just and noble sentiments; and I am not aware of a line that any one need have been ashamed of. The volume, when complete, has a curious frontispiece, engraved by Robert Vaughan (qu. a relation ?) with the swan of the Usk very conspicuous in the centre of it, and the following Latin verses before it:—

AD POSTEROS.

*Diminuat ne* sera *dies* praesentis *honorem*,
Quis qualisq *fui percipe*, Posteritas.
CAMBRIA *me genuit*, patulis *ubi* vallibus *errans*
*Subjacet* aeriis montibus ISCA pater.
*Inde* sinu placido *suscepit maximus arte*
HERBERTUS, Latiae *gloria prima* Scholae.
Bis ternos, *illo me Conducente per* annos
*Profeci*, & geminym *Contulit unus opem*
Ars & amor, mens *atq* manus *certare solebant*,
*Nec lassata Illi* mensve, manusve *fuit*.
*Hinc qualem cernis crevisse: Sed ut mea certus*
*Tempora cognoscas*, dura *fuere*, *scias*.

*Vixi, divisos cum* fregerat *haeresis Anglos*
*Inter* Tysiphonas *presbyteri & populi.*
His *primùm* miseris *per* amoena *furentibus* arva
*Prostravit* sanctam *vilis avena* rosam,
*Turbârunt* fontes, *& fusis* pax *perit undis,*
*Mœstaq* Coelestes *obruit umbra* dies.
*Duret ut* Integritas *tamen,* & pia gloria, *partem*
*Me nullam in tantâ* strage, *fuisse, scias;*
*Credidimus nempè insonti* vocem *esse Cruori,*
Et vires *quae post funera* flere *docent.*
*Hinc* castae, fidaeq, *pati me more* parentis
*Commonui,* & *Lachrymis* fata *levare meis;*
*Hinc nusquam horrendis violuvi* Sacra *procellis,*
*Nec mihi* mens *unquàm, nec* manus *atra fuit.*
Si pius *es, ne plura petas;* Satur *Ille recedat*
*Qui* sapit, *& nos non scripsimus* Insipidis.—

giving in enigmatical language, a slight sketch of the Author's life and opinions. The matter consists of original poems, many of them addressed to persons of the Author's acquaintance, together with translations from Ovid's *Tristia*, Boethius, and Casimir, and a brief specimen or two will suffice to show that they are not without their beauties.

In an Epithalamium occur these lines,

"Fresh as the houres may all your pleasures be,
And healthfull as Eternitie!
Sweet as the flowre's first breath, and close
As th' unseen spreadings of the Rose,
When he unfolds his curtain'd head,
And makes his bosome the Sun's bed."
*Olor Isc.* p. 22.

Of the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of James I., he says,

"Thou seem'st a rose-bud born in snow,
A flowre of purpose sprung to bow

To heedless tempests, and the rage
Of an incensed stormie age.
* * * * *
And yet as Balm-trees gently spend
Their tears for those that doe them rend,
Thou didst nor murmure nor revile,
But drank'st thy wormwood with a smile."
*Olor Isc.* p. 30.

In a different strain he thus concludes an invitation to a friend to Brecknock.

"Come then! and while the slow isicle hangs
At the stiffe thatch, and Winter's frosty pangs
Benumme the year, blith (as of old) let us
'Mid noise and war, of peace and mirth discusse.
This portion thou wert born for. Why should we
Vex at the time's ridiculous miserie?
An age that thus hath fooled itselfe, and will,
(Spite of thy teeth and mine,) persist so still.
Let's sit then at this fire; and, while wee steal
A revell in the Town, let others seal,
Purchase, or cheat, and who can let them pay,
Till those black deeds bring on the darksome day.
Innocent spenders wee! a better use
Shall wear out our short lease, and leave th' obtuse
Rout to their husks. They and their bags at best
Have cares in earnest. Wee care for a jest!"
*Olor Isc.* p. 11.

Another poem, addressed "*To his learned friend Mr. T. Powell, upon his Translation of Malvezzi's Christian Politician,*" thus ends:

"Come then, rare politicians of the time.
Brains of some standing, Elders in our clime,
See here the method. A wise solid state
Is quick in acting, friendly in debate,
Joynt in advice, in resolutions just,
Mild in successe, true to the Common trust.
It cements ruptures, and by gentle hand
Allayes the heat and burnings of a land.

Religion guides it; and in all the tract
Designes so twist, that Heaven confirms the act.
If from these lists you wander, as you steere,
Look back, and catechise your actions here.
These are the marks to which true statesmen tend,
And greatness here with goodness hath one end."
*Olor Isc.* p. 26.

We can only afford room for one specimen of the translations.

BOETHIUS, METRUM 4.

"Whose calme soule in a settled state
Kicks under foot the frowns of fate,
And in his fortunes bad or good
Keeps the same temper in his bloud;
Not him the flaming clouds above,
Nor Ætna's fierie tempests, move.
No fretting seas from shore to shore,
Boyling with indignation o'er,
Nor burning thunderbolt, that can
A mountain shake, can stirre this man!"
*Olor Isc.* p. 46.

At the close of this volume are inserted four prose translations, all of them bearing more or less on the Author's pursuits or circumstances. The first, "*On the benefit we may get by our enemies*," from Plutarch; the second, "*Of the Diseases of the Mind and the Body*," from the same; another, on the same subject, from Maximus Tyrius; and lastly, "*The praise and happinesse of the Countrie Life*," from the Spanish of Guevara. All these have separate title-pages, and were published in the year 1651.

We now, however, approach a very important period of our Poet's life, when a change seems to have come over his spirit, which influenced

it to the close of his earthly career. He was at this time visited by a severe and lingering illness, of what character exactly is not specified. It was, however, of a nature to bring him to the brink of the grave, and to keep him long in a state of solitude and suffering; and while he was in this condition, more deep and solemn religious views and feelings appear to have broken in upon his soul than any he had before harboured. The high and holy claims of God, the infinite importance of eternity, the worthlessness of the world and the folly of living for it, the baseness of sin and the consequences of indulging in it, all seem to have pressed heavily on his mind at this crisis, and to have filled him with great humility and seriousness; and though he subsequently learned to look with hope and comfort to the mercy of God, vouchsafed to the penitent, through the death and merits of Christ Jesus, still this spirit of lowly watchfulness, so suitable to frail humanity, seems never to have left him. He carried it with him to his dying bed; and it appears in the Epitaph he wished to be inscribed on his tomb. During this period likewise, he seems to have had his affections severely tried by the untimely death of friends. There are in the pieces composed by him at this season many touching, though obscure allusions to such losses. And these, along with his other trials, contributed to break up the fallow ground in his heart, and prepare it for the reception of the divine seed that was subsequently sown there. Just at this time he

became acquainted with the writings of George Herbert, and derived from them so much of comfort and instruction, that he determined to make the life and compositions of that holy man his own future models. In imitation therefore of his *Temple*, he composed, during the intervals of exemption from acute suffering, a number of little "*Sacred Poems and Pious Ejaculations;*" and while his Oxford friends were publishing, contrary to his wishes, the *Olor Iscanus*, he gave the world a more faithful record of his mind and heart, in a collection of these, entitled, *Silex Scintillans*," (Sparks from the flintstone.) This work was printed in London in the year 1650, and consisted of only one of the two parts subsequently published together.

Close upon this publication followed a little book of devotions in prose, entitled, "*The Mount of Olives*," and printed in the year 1652. It consists entirely of prayers, meditations, and admonitions, all excellent of their kind, and calculated at once to benefit the reader, and raise the writer in his estimation. There is little or no poetry in the volume, the only original poetical production there being a kind of preface to the last piece in the volume, "*An excellent discourse of the blessed state of man in glory, written by the most reverend and holy Father Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury.*" The lines are as follows,

> Here holy *Anselme* lives in ev'ry page,
> And sits Arch-bishop still, to vex the age.

Had he foreseen (and who knows but he did?)
This fatal wrack, which deepe in time lay hid,
'Tis but just to believe, that little hand
Which clouded him, but now benights our land,
Had never like (*Elias*) driv'n him hence,
A sad retirer for a slight offence.
For were he now, like the returning year,
Restored, to view these desolations here,
He would do penance for his old complaint,
And (weeping) say, that *Rufus* was a Saint.

This work is dedicated, October 1st, 1651, to Sir Charles Egerton, Knight, to whom the writer says, "I know, Sir, you will be pleased to accept of this poore *Olive-leafe* presented to you, so that I shall not be driven to put forth my hand to take in my *Dove* again." It will be conjectured, from the Epithets given to St. Anselm, that Vaughan's religious spirit, though very fervent and real, was not exactly of the character of that which prevailed at this time. The Puritan principle had been to cry down antiquity, and pour contempt on that which was authorized and established. Vaughan on the other hand was a lover of order. He knew how to distinguish between forms and formality. He delighted to look up to the great and good of other days for direction and precedent. What others before him had found to be conducive to their spiritual welfare, might, he thought, conduce to his. He was glad therefore to listen to their teaching, and conform to their example; and instruction always came to him with additional weight and force, when backed by such authority.

At no very distant period Vaughan sent forth another little volume in prose, entitled, "*Flores Solitudinis*," (Flowers of Solitude) "*certaine pieces collected by him in his sicknesse and retirement.*" There are, first, two discourses, the one "*of Temperance and Patience*," and the other "*of Life and Death*," translated, in 1652, from the Latin of Nierembergius; secondly, "*the World contemned*," taken from Eucherius, Bishop of Lyons; and thirdly, "*the life of Paulinus, Bishop of Nola*," compiled by Vaughan himself. These are dedicated to the same Sir Charles Egerton, to whom his *Mount of Olives* was inscribed, and his address to him concludes in these words; "You will look upon my suddaine and small presents as upon some forward flowers, whose kinde haste hath brought them above ground in cold weather. The uncertainty of life, and a peevish inconstant state of health, would not suffer me to stay for greater performances, or a better season, lest, losing this, I should never again have the opportunity to manifest, how much and how sincerely I am, Sir, your Servant, &c." These pieces, Vaughan tells us, were likewise translated by him during his long illness. They had comforted and instructed him under his heavy afflictions, and he published them in the hope that they might produce like effects on others, and enable them likewise to give up the world for God. "To leave the world," he says in his preface, "when it leaves us, is both sordid and sorrowful: I honour that temper

which can lay by the garland when he might keep it on; which can pass by a rosebud, and bid it grow, when he is invited to crop it." It is a remarkable circumstance that some of the most sweet and simple prose writers in our language are to be found among those, whose compositions in verse are the most full of affectations and conceits. What a dissimilarity for instance is there between Cowley's "*Essays*" and his "*Mistress;*" between Donne's "*Sermons*" and his "*Poems!*" Quarle's grotesque quaintness in his "*Emblems*" curiously contrasts with the simple strength of his "*Judgment and Mercy;*" and we find little of the Epigrammatic abruptness of the "*Night Thoughts*" in Young's "*Centaur not fabulous.*" And if Vaughan had attempted any great original work in prose, it seems highly probable, from the brief specimens which we have of his capabilities, that he would have excelled in this species of composition likewise. The subjects however, on which he employed his pen, appear to have had no interest for the public at this period. Indeed, translations from the Fathers were not likely at such a time to meet with many sympathizing readers. The world had been deluged by the Puritans with their weak and washy publications. Still their crude theology was that generally in vogue. Those, who had been disposed to go up and drink at the stream a little nearer to its source, had passed away, with the exiled Cosins and Bramhalls of a former generation.

The court party was soon to come back from France, vitiated alike in taste and principles, and ready to make a jest of everything religious. This then, was not a time at which treatises, such as those now published by Henry Vaughan, were likely to become popular. They were accordingly never reprinted, and their very existence is almost unknown to ordinary English Readers. The following verses close this little volume, of which the last thirty-four lines are very striking.

## ST. PAULINUS, TO HIS WIFE, THERASIA.

" Come, my true Consort in my joyes and care,
Let this uncertaine and still wasting share
Of our fraile life be given to God! you see,
How the swift dayes drive hence incessantlie;
And the fraile drooping world, though still thought gay,
In secret slow consumption weares away.
All that we have passe from us, and once past,
Returne no more. Like clouds they seeme to last,
And so delude loose greedy mindes. But where
Are now those trim deceits? To what dark sphere
Are all those false fires sunk, which once so shined,
They captivated soules and ruled mankind?
And what, Therasia, doth it us availe,
That spatious streames shall flow and never faile,
That aged forrests live to tyre the winds,
And flowers each Spring returne and keepe their kinds?
Those still remaine; but all our Fathers dyed;
And we ourselves but for few dayes abide.
This short tyme then was not given us in vaine,
To whom tyme dyes, in which we dying gaine;
But that in tyme eternall life should be
Our care, and endlesse rest our industrie.
And yet this taske, which the rebellious deeme
Too harsh, who God's mild lawes for chaines esteem,
Suites with the meeke and harmlesse heart so right,
That 'tis all ease, all comfort, and delight.

"To love our God with all our strength and will;
"To covet nothing; to devise no ill
"Against our neighbours; to procure or doe
"Nothing to others which we would not to
"Our very selves; not to revenge our wrong;
"To be content with little; not to long
"For wealth and greatnesse; to despise or jeare
"No man; and, if we be despised, to bear:
"To feed the hungry; to hold fast our crown;
"To take from others nought to give our owne."
These are his precepts, and alas in these
What is so hard but faith may doe with ease?
He that the holy Prophets doth beleeve,
And on God's words relies, (words that still live,
And cannot dye) that in his heart hath writ
His Saviour's death and triumph; and doth yet
With constant care admitting no neglect
His second dreadfull coming still expect;
To such a liver earthly things are dead;
With Heaven alone, and Hopes of Heaven he's fed.
He is no vassall unto worldly trash,
Nor that black knowledge, which pretends to wash,
But doth defile; a knowledge by which men
With studied care lose Paradise again
Commands and titles, the vaine world's device,
With gold, the forward seed of sin and vice,
He never minds. His ayme is farre more high;
And stoopes to nothing lower than the skye.
Nor griefs nor pleasures breede him any pain:
He nothing feares to lose; would nothing gaine.
Whatever hath not God he doth detest.
He lives to Christ; is dead to all the rest.
This Holy One, sent hither from above,
A Virgin brought forth, shadowed by the Dove.
A Crown of Thornes His blessed head did wound,
Nayles pierced His hands and feet, and He fast bound
Stuck to the painfull crosse, where, hanged till dead,
With a cold speare his heart's dear blood was shed.
All this for man, for bad ungratefull man,
The true God suffered: not that suffering can
Adde to his glory aught, who can receive
Accesse from nothing; whom none can bereave
Of his all-fulnesse: but the blest designe
Of His sad death was to save me from mine.

He dying bore my sins; and the third day
His early rising raised me from the clay.
To such great mercies what shall I preferre,
Or who from loving God shall mee deterre?
Burne mee alive with curious skilfull paine,
Cut up and search each warme and breathing vein;
When all is done death brings a quick release,
And the poore mangled body sleepes in peace.
Hale mee to prisons; shut mee up in brasse:
My still free soule from thence to God shall passe.
Banish or bind me; I can be no where
A stranger or alone; my God is there.
I fear not famine. How can he be said
To starve, who feedes upon the Living Bread?
And yet this courage springs not from my store;
Christ gave it mee, who can give much, much more.
I of myself can nothing dare or doe;
He bids mee fight; and makes mee conquer too.
If like great Abraham I should have command
To leave my father's house and native land,
I would with joy to unknown regions run,
Bearing the banner of His blessed Son.
On worldly goods I will have no designe;
But use my owne, as if mine were not mine.
Wealth I'll not wonder at, nor greatnesse seeke;
But chuse, though laughed at, to be poore and meake.
In woe and wealth I'll keepe the same stayed mind;
Grief shall not breake me, nor joyes make me blind!
Then come, my faithfull consort, joyne with me
In this good fight, and my true helper be!
Cheer me when sad, advise me when I stray;
Let us be each the other's guide and stay.
Be your Lord's guardian. Give joynt ayde and due;
Helpe him when falne; Rise when he helpeth you.
That so we may not onely one flesh bee,
But in one spirit and one will agree!"

It would be gratifying to be able to state that Henry Vaughan's poetry, replete as it is with beauty and originality, had met with a better reception than his prose. But we cannot in honesty say that this was the case. That he

had his admirers among the discerning few there can be no doubt. His friends at Oxford more especially seem to have treasured up carefully every scrap of verse that fell from his pen. But with the public at large, and particularly with reference to his religious poetry, it was far otherwise. It might at first sight appear that his *Silex Scintillans* had at least found readers enough to carry it through a second edition. A volume so designated by the Publisher was sent forth in the year 1655, containing all the poems printed in the year 1651, together with a second part, almost equal in extent to the former, and the whole preceded by a very interesting preface, full of just thoughts and pious sentiments. But on closer inspection it is evident that we have here only the unsold copies of the volume before published, with the preface and second part added to them, and a new title prefixed to the whole. All this is discernible from the paging of this nominally second edition, and it speaks loudly of the neglect which the previous volume had experienced. The poems contained in this second part are in no respect inferior to those before published. Indeed in some points they present rather an improvement on them. They seem to exhibit more of Vaughan's own natural vein, and less of that of his excellent master. Preserving all the piety of George Herbert, they have less of his quaint and fantastic turns, with a much larger infusion of poetic feeling and expression. Their merits, however, seem to have been but ill

appreciated by the tasteless and godless generation for whom Vaughan wrote, and his little volume accordingly soon sank into oblivion. We learn from its contents that the Author was still a sufferer, his body still labouring under the protracted illness that had attacked him five years before, and his heart bleeding from the further loss of beloved relatives and friends.

It is scarcely to be wondered that, under such discouraging circumstances, Henry Vaughan, in the prime of life, and the full maturity of his talents, should have ceased from all further Authorship. Accordingly during the forty years that he lived, after the second edition of his *Silex Scintillans*, he gave nothing more to the public. In the year 1678, however, one of his zealous Oxford friends, J. W. (the initials have not been verified) sent forth a little volume, entitled, "*Thalia Rediviva; the passtimes and diversions of a Countrey Muse*," which, though it contains no reference to Henry Vaughan in the title-page, consists entirely of his poetry, together with a few of his brother Thomas's Latin verses appended. But in this publication Henry Vaughan took no part, though there is no reason to suppose that he was actually opposed to it. The contents are of a motley description, consisting of elegies, translations, addresses to individuals, and are evidently of the most various dates, some of them written in his youthful days at the University, and others in his maturer years, subsequently in all probability to the

publication of the "*Silex Scintillans.*" The Volume is ushered in by commendatory verses from "the matchless Orinda," Mrs. Catherine Philips, Dr. Thomas Powell, and other Oxford friends and admirers, and contains nothing which the most fastidious moralist could find fault with. At the close of the work is a collection of religious pieces, entitled, "*Pious Thoughts and Ejaculations.*" the whole of which, together with a Pastoral Elegy on the death of Thomas Vaughan, we have included in the volume now published, so that the whole of Henry Vaughan's religious poetry may stand at once before the reader.

From the time of this last publication to that of his death we have no further information to furnish respecting our Author. He appears to have stolen away altogether from public life, to pursue his quiet walk with God, and enjoy the converse of such friends as were still left to him; and found abundant scope for the exercise of his powers, in the labours of a useful profession, and the education of his growing family. He was twice married, and had by his first wife five children, two sons and three daughters, and by the second, one daughter. Of the latter alone is anything further known. She married John Turberville, and her grand daughter died single in 1780, aged 92. For himself he had the satisfaction of closing his days under the roof and amidst the scenes where they had commenced. His beloved Usk and the beautiful vale through which it flows were daily before

his eyes to the last, and probably afforded him many a poetic ramble, when his more serious avocations admitted of them. It would appear from one of his little Latin poems, that he was an angler, and the moral with which he accompanies a salmon of his own catching, sent as a present to a friend, would seem to imply that this amusement was occasionally pursued by him even in riper and more thoughful years. But these little conjectural notices of his ordinary life and avocations must necessarily rest on very slender data. Much more satisfactory is it to know, that he died, as he lived, in holy consciousness of his own unworthiness, and in humble dependence on the merits of his Redeemer. He departed this life, April the 23rd, in the year 1695, aged 73, and desired that the following inscription should be placed on his tomb,

"Servus inutilis,
Peccator maximus,
Hic jaceo.
Gloria! ✠ miserere!"

'An unprofitable servant, the chief of sinners, I lie here. Glory be to God! ✠ Lord have mercy upon me!'

Such are the particulars that we have been able to gather respecting Henry Vaughan and his works. They present a picture of one who lived to God rather than to man; and if there is little of incident in the details, let us remember, that it is with the lives of private individuals as

with the reigns of Princes; those are often the happiest and most prosperous, which make the least noise and show in the page of History. The mind and heart of our Author are abundantly exhibited in his writings, which are full of individuality; and while we would deprecate pledging ourselves to every sentiment they contain, we feel that they claim for him unvarying respect, and commend themselves to us as the genuine overflowings of a sincere and humble spirit. We feel, while reading them, that we have to do with a truly good and earnest man. His poems display much originality of thought, and frequently likewise much felicity of expression. The former is indeed at times condensed into obscurity, and the latter defaced with quaintness. But Vaughan never degenerates into a smooth versifier of common places. One indeed of his great faults as a poet, is the attempt to crowd too much of matter into his sentences, so that they read roughly and inharmoniously, the words almost elbowing each other out of the lines. His rhymes too are frequently defective, and he delights in making the sense of one line run over into the line following. This, when not overdone, is doubtless a beauty in versification, and redeems it from that monotony, which so offends in the poets of Queen Anne's time. Yet even this may be pushed to excess, and become by its uniformity liable itself to the imputation of monotony. Take for instance the very beautiful lines of Vaughan entitled "*Rules and Lessons*," the first five stanzas

of which strikingly exemplify the fault here specified; and it was perhaps their consequent harshness, that induced Bernard Barton to transpose them, not infelicitously, into a different stanza. A more favourable specimen of line flowing into line is the following "*Morning Address to a Bird.*"

> Hither thou com'st. The busie wind all night
> Blew through thy lodging; where thy own warm wing
> Thy pillow was: and many a sullen storm,
> For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
> Rained on thy bed,
> And harmless head;
> And now as fresh and cheerful as the light
> Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing!

This will be felt to be very tender and beautiful, notwithstanding the imperfect rhyme in the fourth line; and the volume now republished is full of like passages. Indeed it may with truth be said of Vaughan that his faults are in a great measure those of the age he lived in, and the master he imitated, while his beauties are all his own. That he will ever become a thoroughly popular poet is scarcely to be expected in this age, but among those who can prize poetic thought, even when clad in a dress somewhat quaint and antiquated, who love to commune with a heart overflowing with religious ardour, and who do not value this the less, because it has been lighted at the earlier and purer fires of Christianity, and has caught a portion of their youthful glow, poems like

these of Henry Vaughan will not want their readers, nor will such readers be unthankful to have our Author and his Works introduced to their acquaintance.

H. F. L.

# SILEX SCINTILLANS.

# THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE FOLLOWING HYMNS.

THAT this Kingdom hath abounded with those ingenious persons, which in the late notion are termed *Wits*, is too well known. Many of them having cast away all their fair portion of time, in no better imployments, than a deliberate search, or excogitation, of *idle words*, and a most vain, insatiable, desire to be reputed *Poets;* leaving behinde them no other Monuments of those excellent abilities conferred upon them, but such as they may (with a *Predecessor* of theirs) term *Parricides*, and a soul-killing Issue, for that is the Βασίλειον, and Laureate Crown, which idle *Poems* will certainly bring to their unrelenting Authors.

And well it were for them, if those willingly studied and wilfully published vanities could defile no *spirits*, but their own; but the *case* is far worse. These *Vipers* survive their *Parents*,

and for many ages after (like *Epidemic* diseases) infect whole Generations, corrupting always, and unhallowing the best-gifted *Souls* and the most capable *Vessels;* for whose sanctification and well-fare, the glorious *Son* of God laid down his *life*, and suffered the pretious *blood* of his blessed and innocent *heart* to be poured out. In the mean time it cannot be denyed, but these men are had in remembrance, though we cannot say with any comfort, *Their memorial is blessed;* for, that I may speak no more than the truth (let their passionate *worshippers* say what they please) all the commendations that can be justly given them will amount to no more than what *Prudentius* the Christian-sacred *Poet* bestowed upon *Symmachus;*

*Os dignum, æterno tinctum quod fulgeat auro,*
*Si mallet laudare Deum, cui sordida monstra*
*Prætulit, & liquidam temeravit crimine vocem.*
*Haud aliter, quàm cum rastris quis tentet eburnis*
*Cœnosum versare solum, &c.*————

In English thus,

A wit most worthy in tryed Gold to shine,
Immortal Gold! had he sung the Divine
Praise of his Maker: to whom he preferr'd
Obscene, vile fancies, and prophanely marr'd
A rich, rare stile with sinful, lewd contents;
No otherwise, then if with Instruments
Of polish'd Ivory, some drudge should stir
A dirty sink, *&c.*————

This *comparison* is nothing odious, and it is as *true*, as it is *apposite;* for a *good* wit in a *bad* subject is (as *Solomon* said of the *fair* and *foolish woman*) *Like a jewel of gold in a swine's snowt,*

Prov. 11. 22. Nay, the more acute the *Author* is, there is so much the more danger and death in the *Work*. Where the *Sun* is busie upon a *dung-hill*, the *issue* is always some unclean *vermine*. Divers persons of eminent piety and learning (I meddle not with the *seditious* and *schismatical*) have, long before my time, taken notice of this *malady;* for the complaint against *vitious verse*, even by peaceful and obedient *spirits*, is of some antiquity in this Kingdom. And yet, as if the evil consequence attending this inveterate *error* were but a small thing, there is sprung very lately another prosperous *device* to assist it in the subversion of *souls*. Those that want the *genius* of *verse* fall to *translating;* and the people are, every *term*, plentifully furnished with various *Foraign vanities;* so that the most lascivious compositions of *France* and *Italy* are here *naturalized* and made *English;* and this, as it is sadly observed, with so much favour and success, that nothing *takes* (as they rightly phrase it) like a *Romance*. And very frequently, if that *Character* be not an *Ivybush*, the *buyer* receives this lewd ware from *persons of honor*, who want not reason to forbear: much private misfortune having sprung from no other *seed* at first, than some infectious and dissolving *Legend*.

To continue after years of discretion in this *vanity*, is an inexcusable desertion of *pious sobriety;* and to persist so to the end, is a wilful despising of God's *sacred exhortations*, by a constant sensual volutation or wallowing in *impure*

*thoughts* and *scurrilous conceits*, which both defile their Authors, and as many more as they are communicated to. If *every idle word shall be accounted for*, and if *no corrupt communication should proceed out of our mouths*, how desperate, I beseech you, is their condition, who all their life time, and out of meer design, study *lascivious fictions*, then carefully record and publish them, that instead of *grace* and *life*, they *may minister sin and death* unto their readers? It was wisely considered, and piously said by one, *That he would read no idle books; both in regard of love to his own soul, and pity unto his that made them; for*, said he, *if I be corrupted by them, their Composer is immediately a cause of my ill; and at the day of reckoning, though now dead, must give an account for it, because I am corrupted by his bad example, which he left behinde him. I will write none, lest I hurt them that come after me; I will read none, lest I augment his punishment that is gone before me. I will neither write, nor read, lest I prove a foe to my own soul: while I live, I sin too much; let me not continue longer in wickedness than I do in life.* It is a sentence of sacred authority, that *he that is dead is freed from sin;* because he cannot in that *state*, which is without the *body*, sin any more; but he that writes *idle books* makes for himself another *body*, in which he always *lives*, and *sins* (after *death*) as *fast* and as *foul*, as ever he did in his *life;* which very consideration deserves to be a sufficient *antidote* against this evil disease.

And here, because I would prevent a just *censure* by my free *confession*, I must remember, that I myself have, for many years together, languished of this very *sickness;* and it is no long time since I have recovered. But (blessed be God for it!) I have by his saving assistance suppresst my *greatest follies*, and those which escaped from me, are, I think, as innoxious, as most of that *vein* use to be; besides, they are interlined with many virtuous, and some pious mixtures. What I speak of them is truth: but let no man mistake it for an *extenuation* of faults, as if I intended an *Apology* for *them*, or *myself*, who am conscious of so much *guilt* in *both*, as can never be expiated without *special sorrows*, and that cleansing and pretious *effusion* of my Almighty Redeemer. And if the world will be so charitable as to grant my request, I do here most humbly and earnestly beg that none would read them.

But an idle or sensual *subject* is not all the *poyson* in these Pamphlets. Certain Authors have been so irreverently bold, as to dash *Scriptures*, and the *sacred Relatives* of *God* with their impious conceits; And (which I cannot speak without grief of heart) some of those desperate adventurers may, I think, be reckoned amongst the principal or most learned Writers of *English verse*.

Others of a later date, being corrupted, it may be, by that evil *Genius*, which came in with the publique distractions, have stuffed their books with *Oathes*, *horrid Execrations*, and a

most gross and studied *filthiness*. But the *hurt* that ensues by the publication of pieces so notoriously ill, lies heavily upon the *Stationer's* account, who ought in conscience to refuse them, when they are put into his hands. No *loss* is so doleful as that *gain*, that will endamage the soul. He that prints lewdness and impieties, is that mad-man in the *Proverbs*, who *casteth firebrands, arrows, and death.*

The suppression of this pleasing and prevailing *evil* lies not altogether in the power of the *Magistrate;* for it will flie abroad in *Manuscripts*, when it fails of entertainment at the press. The true remedy lies wholly in their bosoms, who are the gifted persons, by a wise exchange of *vain* and *vitious subjects*, for *Divine Themes* and *Celestial Praise.* The *performance* is easie, and, were it the most difficult in the world, the *reward* is so glorious, that it infinitely transcends it: for *they that turn many to righteousness shall shine like the stars for ever and ever:* whence follows this undenyable inference, that the corrupting of many, being a contrary work, the recompense must be so too; and then I know nothing reserved for them, but *the blackness of darkness for ever;* from which, O God, deliver all penitent and reformed *spirits!*

The first, that with any effectual success attempted a *diversion* of this foul and overflowing stream, was the blessed man, Mr. *George Herbert*, whose holy life and verse gained many pious *Converts*, of whom I am the least; and gave the first check to a most flourishing and admired

*Wit* of his time. After him followed diverse, —*Sed non passibus æquis;* they had more of *fashion* than *force*. And the reason of their so vast distance from him, besides differing spirits and qualifications, (for his *measure* was eminent,) I suspect to be, because they aimed more at *verse*, than *perfection*, as may be easily gathered by their frequent *impressions*, and numerous *pages*. Hence sprang those wide, those weak, and lean conceptions, which in the most inclinable Reader will scarce give any nourishment or help to *devotion;* for, not flowing from a true practick piety, it was impossible they should effect those things abroad, which they never had acquaintance with at home; being onely the productions of a common spirit, and the obvious ebullitions of that light humor, which takes the pen in hand, out of no other consideration, than to be seen in print. It is true indeed, that to give up our thoughts to pious Themes and Contemplations, if it be done for pietie's sake, is a great *step* towards *perfection;* because it will refine, and dispose to devotion and sanctity. And further, it will *procure* for us (so easily communicable is that *loving Spirit*) some small prelibation of those heavenly *refreshments*, which descend but seldom, and then very sparingly, upon men of an ordinary or indifferent holiness. But he that desires to excel in this kinde of *Hagiography*, or holy writing, must strive by all means for *perfection* and true *holyness*, that a *door may be opened to him in heaven*, Rev. 4. 1. and then he will be able to write,

with *Hierotheus* and holy *Herbert*, A *true Hymn*.

To effect this in some measure, I have begged leave to communicate this my poor *Talent* to the *Church*, under the protection and conduct of her *glorious Head:* who, if he will vouchsafe to own it, and go along with it, can make it as useful now in the *publick* as it hath been to me in *private*. In the perusal of it, you will (peradventure) observe some passages, whose history or reason may seem something remote; but were they brought nearer, and plainly exposed to your view, though that, perhaps, might quiet your *curiosity*, yet would it not conduce much to your greater *advantage*. And therefore I must desire you to accept of them in that *latitude*, which is already allowed them. By the last Poems in the book, were not that *mistake* here prevented, you would judge all to be *fatherless*, and the edition posthume; for indeed *I was nigh unto death*, and am still at no great distance from it; which was the necessary reason for that solemn and accomplished *dress*, you will nowe finde this *impression* in.

But *the God of the spirits of all flesh* hath granted me a further use of *mine* than I did look for in the *body;* and when I expected, and had by his assistance prepared for, a *message of death*, then did he *answer* me with *life;* I hope to his *glory*, and my great *advantage;* that I may flourish not with *leafe* onely, but with some *fruit* also; which *hope* and earnest desire of his poor *Creature*, I humbly beseech him to perfect and

fulfil for his dear *Son's* sake, unto *Whom*, with *Him* and the most Holy and loving *Spirit*, be ascribed by *Angels*, by *Men*, and by all his *Works*, All Glory, and Wisdom, and Dominion, in this the *Temporal* and in the *Eternal* Being. *Amen.*

*Newton* by *Usk*, near *Sketh-Rock*,
Septem. 30, 1654.

*Lord, the hope of Israel, all they that forsake thee shall be ashamed; and they that depart from thee, shall be written in the earth, because they have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters.*

*Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved, for thou art my health, and my great deliverer.*

*I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave; I have deprived myself of the residue of my years.*

*I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord in the Land of the living: I shall behold man no more with the Inhabitants of the world.*

*O Lord! by thee doth man live, and from thee is the life of my spirit: therefore wilt thou recover me, and make me to live.*

*Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for thou hast cast all my sins behinde thy back.*

*For thy name's sake hast thou put off thine anger; for thy praise hast thou refrained from me, that I should not be cut off.*

*For the grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee: they, that go down into the pit, cannot hope for thy truth.*

*The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day: the Father to the children shall make known thy truth.*

*O Lord! thou hast been merciful; thou hast brought back my life from corruption: thou hast redeemed me from my sin.*

*They that follow after lying vanities, forsake their own mercy.*

*Therefore shall thy songs be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.*

*I will go unto the altar of my God, unto God, the joy of my youth; and in thy fear will I worship towards thy holy temple.*

*I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that which I have vowed; salvation is of the Lord.*

TO MY MOST MERCIFUL, MY MOST LOVING, AND DEARLY LOVED REDEEMER, THE EVER BLESSED, THE ONELY HOLY AND JUST ONE,

## JESUS CHRIST,

*The Son of the living* GOD, *and the sacred Virgin Mary.*

### I.

MY God! thou that didst dye for me,
These thy death's fruits I offer thee;
Death that to me was life and light,
But dark and deep pangs to thy sight.
Some drops of thy all-quickning blood
Fell on my heart; those made it bud,
And put forth thus, though Lord, before
The ground was curst, and void of store.
Indeed I had some here to hire
Which long resisted thy desire,
That ston'd thy servants, and did move
To have thee murther'd for thy love;
But Lord, I have expell'd them, and so bent,
Beg thou wouldst take thy Tenant's rent.

II.

Dear Lord, 'tis finished! and now he
That copyed it, presents it thee.
'Twas thine first, and to thee returns,
From thee it shin'd, though here it burns;
If the Sun rise on Rocks, is't right,
To call it their inherent light?
No, nor can I say, this is mine,
For, dearest Jesus, 'tis all thine,
As thy cloaths, when thou with cloaths wert clad,
Both light from thee, and virtue had;
And now, as then, within this place,
Thou to poor rags dost still give grace.
This is the earnest thy love sheds,
The candle shining on some heads,
Till at thy charges they shall be,
Cloath'd all with immortality.

[III.]

My dear Redeemer, the world's light,
And life too, and my heart's delight!
For all thy mercies and thy truth,
Shew'd to me in my sinful youth,
For my sad failings and my wilde
Murmurings at thee, when most milde;
For all my secret faults, and each
Frequent relapse and wilful breach,
For all designs meant against thee,
And ev'ry publish'd vanity,
Which thou divinely hast forgiven,
While thy blood wash'd me white as heaven;

I nothing have to give to thee,
But this thy own gift, given to me.
Refuse it not; for now thy *Token*
Can tell thee where a heart is broken.

Rev. cap. 1. ver. 5, 6, 7.

*Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.*

*And hath made us Kings and Priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen.*

*Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him: even so. Amen.*

¶

VAIN Wits and Eyes,
Leave, and be wise:
Abuse not, shun not holy fire,
But with true tears wash off your mire.
Tears and these flames will soon grow kinde,
And mix an eye-salve for the blinde.
Tears cleanse and supple without faile,
And fire will purge your callous veyl.
Then comes the light! which, when you spy,
And see your nakedness thereby,
Praise him, who dealt his gifts so free,
In tears to you, in fire to me.

# SILEX SCINTILLANS, ETC.

## [PART I.]

### REGENERATION.

WARD, and still in bonds, one day
I stole abroad;
It was high-spring, and all the way
*Primros'd*, and hung with shade;
Yet was it frost within;
And surly wind
Blasted my infant buds, and sinne
Like clouds ecclips'd my mind.

2.

Storm'd thus; I straight perceiv'd my spring
Meere stage, and show,
My walke a monstrous, mountain'd thing,
Rough-cast with rocks and snow;
And as a Pilgrim's Eye,
Far from reliefe,
Measures the melancholy skye,
Then drops, and rains for griefe,

3.

So sigh'd I upwards still; at last,
'Twixt steps and falls,
I reach'd the pinacle, where plac'd
I found a paire of scales;
I took them up, and layd
In th' one late paines;
The other smoake and pleasures weigh'd,
But prov'd the heavier graines.

4.

With that some cryed, *Away;* straight I
Obey'd, and led
Full East, a faire, fresh field could spy;
Some call'd it *Jacob's Bed;*
A virgin soile, which no
Rude feet ere trod;
Where, since He stept there, only go
Prophets and friends of God.

5.

Here I repos'd; but scarce well set
A grove descryed
Of stately height, whose branches met
And mixt on every side;
I entred, and, once in,
(Amaz'd to see't,)
Found all was chang'd, and a new spring
Did all my senses greet.

6.

The unthrift Sunne shot vitall gold
A thousand peeces,

And heaven its azure did unfold,
Chequer'd with snowie fleeces.
The aire was all in spice,
And every bush
A garland wore; thus fed my Eyes,
But all the Eare lay hush.

7.

Only a little Fountain lent
Some use for Eares,
And on the dumbe shades language spent,
The musick of her teares;
I drew her neare, and found
The Cisterne full
Of divers stones, some bright and round,
Others ill-shap'd and dull.

8.

The first (pray marke,) as quick as light
Danc'd through the floud;
But th' last, more heavy than the night,
Nail'd to the centre stood;
I wonder'd much, but tyr'd
At last with thought,
My restless Eye, that still desir'd,
As strange an object brought.

9.

It was a banke of flowers, where I descried
(Though 'twas mid-day,)
Some fast asleepe, others broad-eyed
And taking in the ray;

Here musing long I heard
A rushing wind,
Which still increas'd, but whence it stirr'd,
No where I could not find.

10.

I turn'd me round, and to each shade
Dispatch'd an Eye,
To see if any leafe had made
Least motion or reply;
But while I, listning, sought
My mind to ease
By knowing, where 'twas, or where not,
It whisper'd; *Where I please.*

Lord, then said I, *On me one breath,*
*And let me dye before my death!*

Cant. cap. 4. ver. 17.

*Arise, O North, and come thou South-wind; and blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.*

## DEATH. A DIALOGUE.

SOULE.

THIS a sad Land, that in one day
Hath dull'd thee thus, when death shall freeze
Thy bloud to Ice, and thou must stay

Tenant for Yeares and Centuries;
How wilt thou brook't?—

BODY.

I cannot tell;
But if all sense wings not with thee,
And something still be left the dead,
I'le wish my Curtaines off, to free
Me from so darke and sad a bed;

A nest of nights, a gloomie sphere,
Where shadowes thicken, and the Cloud
Sits on the Sun's brow all the yeare,
And nothing moves without a shrowd.

SOULE.

'Tis so: but as thou sawest that night
Wee travell'd in, our first attempts
Were dull and blind, but Custome straight
Our fears and falls brought to contempt.

Then, when the ghastly *twelve* was past,
We breath'd still for a blushing *East*,
And bad the lazie Sunne make haste,
And on sure hopes, though long, did feast.

But when we saw the Clouds to crack,
And in those cranies light appear'd,
We thought the day then was not slack,
And pleas'd our selves with what wee feared.

Just so it is in death. But thou
Shalt in thy mother's bosome sleepe,

Whilst I each minute grone to know
How neere Redemption creepes.

Then shall wee meet to mixe again, and met,
'Tis last good-night; our Sunne shall never set.

Job, cap. 10. ver. 21, 22.

*Before I goe whence I shall not returne, even to the land of darknesse and the shadow of death;*

*A Land of darknesse, as darknesse itselfe; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darknesse.*

## RESURRECTION AND IMMORTALITY:

Heb. cap. 10. ver. 20.

*By that new, and living way, which he hath prepared for us, through the veile, which is his flesh.*

### BODY.

1.

OFT have I seen, when that renewing breath
That binds and loosens death
Inspir'd a quickning power through the dead
Creatures abed,
Some drowsie silk-worme creepe
From that long sleepe,

And in weake, infant hummings chime, and knell
About her silent cell,
Until at last, full with the vitall ray,
She wing'd away,
And, proud with life and sense,
Heav'n's rich Expence,
Esteem'd (vaine things!) of two whole Elements
As meane, and span-extents.
Shall I then thinke such providence will be
Lesse friend to me?
Or that he can endure to be unjust
Who keeps his Covenant even with our dust?

SOULE.

2.

Poore querulous handfull! was't for this
I taught thee all that is?
Unbowel'd nature, shew'd thee her recruits,
And change of suits,
And how of death we make
A meere mistake;
For no thing can to *Nothing* fall, but still
Incorporates by skill,
And then returns, and from the wombe of things
Such treasure brings,
As *Phœnix*-like renew'th
Both life, and youth;
For a preserving spirit doth still passe
Untainted through this Masse,
Which doth resolve, produce, and ripen all
That to it fall;

Nor are those births, which we
Thus suffering see,
Destroy'd at all; But when time's restless wave
Their substance doth deprave,
And the more noble *Essence* finds his house
Sickly, and loose,
He, ever young, doth wing
Unto that spring,
And *source* of spirits, where he takes his lot,
Till time no more shall rot
His passive Cottage; which (though laid aside,)
Like some spruce Bride,
Shall one day rise, and, cloath'd with shining light,
All pure and bright,
Re-marry to the soule, for 'tis most plaine
Thou only fal'st to be refin'd againe.

3.

Then I that here saw darkly in a glasse
But mists and shadows passe,
And, by their owne weake *Shine*, did search the springs
And Course of things,
Shall with inlightned rayes
Pierce all their wayes;
And as thou saw'st, I in a thought could goe
To heav'n or Earth below,
To reade some *Starre*, or *Min'rall*, and in State
There often sate;
So shalt thou then with me,
Both wing'd and free,

Rove in that mighty and eternall light,
Where no rude shade, or night
Shall dare approach us; we shall there no more
Watch stars, or pore
Through melancholly clouds, and say,
*Would it were Day!*
One everlasting *Saboth* there shall runne
Without *Succession*, and without a *Sunne.*

Dan. cap. 12. ver. 13.

*But goe thou thy way untill the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand up in thy lot at the end of the dayes.*

## DAY OF JUDGEMENT.

WHEN through the North a fire shall rush
And rowle into the East,
And like a firie torrent brush
And sweepe up South and West,—

When all shall streame and lighten round,
And with surprizing flames
Both stars and Elements confound,
And quite blot out their names,—

When thou shalt spend thy sacred store
Of thunders in that heate,
And low as ere they lay before
Thy six-dayes' buildings beate,—

When like a scrowle the heavens shall passe
And vanish cleane away,
And nought must stand of that vast space
Which held up night and day,—

When one lowd blast shall rend the deepe,
And from the wombe of earth
Summon up all that are asleepe
Unto a second birth,—

When thou shalt make the Clouds thy seate,
And in the open aire
The Quick and dead, both small and great,
Must to thy barre repaire;

O then it will be all too late
To say, *What shall I doe?*
*Repentance* there is out of date,
And so is *mercy* too.

Prepare, prepare me then, O God!
And let me now begin
To feele my loving Father's *Rod*
Killing the man of sinne!

Give me, O give me Crosses here,
Still more afflictions lend;
That pill, though bitter, is most deare
That brings health in the end.

Lord, God! I beg nor friends, nor wealth,
But pray against them both;

Three things I'de have, my soule's chief health,
And one of these semes loath,

A living *Faith*, a *Heart* of flesh,
The *World* an Enemie;
This last will keepe the first two fresh,
And bring me where I'de be.

1 Pet. 4. 7.

*Now the end of all things is at hand; be you therefore sober, and watching in prayer.*

## RELIGION.

MY God, when I walke in those groves
And leaves thy Spirit doth still fan,
I see in each shade that there growes
An Angell talking with a man.

Under a *Juniper* some house,
Or the coole *Mirtle's* canopie,
Others beneath an *Oake's* green boughs,
Or at some *fountaine's* bubling Eye.

Here *Jacob* dreames, and wrestles; there
*Elias* by a Raven is fed,
Another time by th' Angell, where
He brings him water with his bread.

In *Abraham's* Tent the winged guests
(O how familiar then was heaven!)
Eate, drinke, discourse, sit downe, and rest
Until the coole and shady *Even.*

Nay thou thy selfe, my God, in *fire,*
*Whirle-winds,* and *Clouds,* and the *soft voice,*
Speak'st there so much, that I admire
We have no Conf'rence in these daies.

Is the truce broke? or 'cause we have
A Mediatour now with thee,
Dost thou therefore old Treaties wave,
And by appeales from him decree?

Or is't so, as some green heads say,
That now all miracles must cease?
Though thou hast promis'd they should stay,
The tokens of the Church, and peace.

No, no; Religion is a Spring,
That from some secret, golden Mine
Derives her birth, and thence doth bring
Cordials in every drop, and Wine.

But in her long, and hidden Course,
Passing through the Earth's darke veines,
Growes still from better unto worse,
And both her taste and colour staines;

Then drilling on learnes to encrease
False *Ecchoes* and confused sounds,

And unawares doth often seize
On veines of *Sulphur* under ground;

So poison'd breaks forth in some Clime,
And at first sight doth many please;
But drunk, is puddle, or meere slime,
And 'stead of Phisick, a disease.

Just such a tainted sink we have,
Like that *Samaritan's* dead *well;*
Nor must we for the Kernell crave
Because most voices like the *shell.*

Heale then these waters, Lord; or bring thy flock,
Since these are troubled, to the springing rock;
Looke downe, great Master of the feast; O shine,
And turn once more our *Water* into *Wine!*

Cant. cap. 4. ver. 12.

*My sister, my spouse, is as a garden inclosed, as a spring shut up, and a fountain sealed up.*

## THE SEARCH.

IS now cleare day: I see a Rose
Bud in the bright East, and disclose
The Pilgrim-Sunne; all night have I
Spent in a roving Extasie

To find my Saviour; I have been
As far as *Bethlem*, and have seen
His Inne and Cradle; being there
I met the *Wise-Men*, askt them where
He might be found, or what starre can
Now point him out, grown up a Man?
To *Egypt* hence I fled, ran o're
All her parcht bosome to *Nile's* shore,
Her yearly nurse; came back, enquir'd
Amongst the *Doctors*, and desir'd
To see the *Temple*, but was shown
A little dust, and for the Town
A heap of ashes, were some sed
A small bright sparkle was abed,
Which would one day (beneath the pole),
Awake, and then refine the whole.
Tyr'd here, I came to *Sychar;* thence
To *Jacob's well*, bequeathed since
Unto his sonnes, where often they
In those calme, golden evenings lay
Watring their flocks, and having spent
Those white dayes, drove home to the tent
Their *well-fleeced* traine; And here (O fate!)
I sit, where once my Saviour sate.
The angry Spring in bubbles swell'd,
Which broke in sighes still, as they fill'd,
And whisper'd, *Jesus had been there*,
But *Jacob's children would not heare.*
Loath hence to part, at last I rise
But with the fountain in mine Eyes,
And here a fresh search is decreed;
He must be found where he did bleed.
I walke the garden, and there see

*Idæas* of his Agonie,
And moving anguishments, that set
His blest face in a bloudy sweat;
I climb'd the Hill, perus'd the Crosse,
Hung with my gaine, and his great loss:
Never did tree beare fruit like this,
*Balsam* of soules, the bodye's blisse.
But, O his grave! where I saw lent
(For he had none,) a Monument,
An undefil'd, a new-hew'd one,
But there was not the *Corner-stone*.
Sure then, said I, my Quest is vaine,
Hee'll not be found where he was slaine;
So mild a Lamb can never be
'Midst so much bloud and crueltie.
I'll to the wilderness, and can
Find beasts more mercifull than man;
He liv'd there safe, 'twas his retreat
From the fierce *Jew*, and *Herod's* heat;
And forty dayes withstood the fell
And high temptations of hell;
With Seraphins there talked he,
His father's flaming ministrie;
He heav'nd their *walks*, and with his eyes
Made those wild shades a Paradise.
Thus was the desert sanctified
To be the refuge of his bride.
I'le thither then; see, *It is day!*
The Sun's broke through to guide my way.
But as I urg'd thus, and writ down
What pleasures should my Journey crown,
What silent paths, what shades, and cells,
Faire virgin-flowers, and hallow'd *Wells*

I should rove in, and rest my head
Where my deare Lord did often tread,
Sugring all dangers with successe,
Methought I heard one singing thus;

1.

Leave, leave thy gadding thoughts;
Who pores
and spies
Still out of Doores,
descries
Within them nought.

2.

The skinne and shell of things,
Though faire,
are not
Thy wish, nor Pray'r,
but got
By meere Despair
of wings.

3.

To rack old Elements,
Or Dust;
and say,
Sure here he must
needs stay,
Is not the way,
nor just.

Search well another world; who studies this,
Travels in Clouds, seeks *Manna* where none is.

Acts, cap. 17. ver. 27, 28.

*That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and finde him, though he be not far off from every one of us, for in him we live, and move, and have our being.*

## ISAAC'S MARRIAGE.

Gen. cap. 24. ver. 63.

*And* Isaac *went out to pray in the field at the Even-tide, and he lift up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the Camels were coming.*

PRAYING! and to be married! It was rare,
But now 'tis monstrous; and that pious care,
Though of ourselves, is so much out of date,
That to renew't were to degenerate.
But thou a chosen sacrifice wert given,
And offer'd up so early unto heaven,
Thy flames could not be out; Religion was
Ray'd into thee like beams into a glasse;
Where, as thou grewst, it multiply'd, and shin'd
The sacred Constellation of thy mind.
But being for a bride, prayer was such
A decryed course, sure it prevail'd not much.
Had'st ne'r an Oath, nor Complement? thou wert
An odde, dull sutor; hadst thou but the art

Of these our dayes, thou couldst have coyn'd thee twenty
New sev'rall oathes, and complements, too, plenty.
O sad and wild excesse! and happy those
White dayes, that durst no impious mirth expose!
When Conscience by lewd use had not lost sense,
Nor bold-fac'd custome banish'd Innocence:
Thou hadst no pompous train, nor *Antick* crowd
Of young, gay swearers, with their needless, lowd
Retinue; All was here smooth as thy bride,
And calme like her, or that mild Evening-tide.
Yet hadst thou nobler guests: Angels did wind,
And rove about thee, guardians of thy mind;
These fetch'd thee home thy bride, and all the way
Advis'd thy servant what to do and say;
These taught him at the *well*, and thither brought
The chaste and lovely object of thy thought.
But here was ne'r a complement, not one
Spruce, supple cringe, or study'd look put on.
All was plain, modest truth: Nor did she come
In *Rowles* and *Curles*, mincing and stately dumb;
But in a Virgin's native blush and fears
Fresh as those roses, which the day-spring wears.

O sweet, divine simplicity! O grace
Beyond a curled lock, or painted face!
A *Pitcher* too she had, nor thought it much
To carry that, which some would scorn to touch;
With which in mild, chaste language she did wooe
To draw him drinke, and for his Camels too.
And now thou knewst her comming, it was time
To get thee wings on, and devoutly climbe
Unto thy God; for Marriage of all states
Makes most unhappy, or most fortunates.
This brought thee forth, where now thou didst undress
Thy soul, and with new pinions refresh
Her wearied wings, which, so restor'd, did flye
Above the stars, a track unknown and high;
And in her piercing flight perfum'd the ayre,
Scatt'ring the *Myrrhe* and Incense of thy pray'r.
So from *Lahai-roi's*[1] Well some spicie cloud,
Woo'd by the Sun, swels up to be his shrowd,
And from her moist wombe weeps a fragrant showre,
Which, scatter'd in a thousand pearls, each flowre
And herb partakes; where having stood awhile,
And something cool'd the parch'd and thirstie Isle,

[1] *A wel in the South Country where* Jacob *dwelt, betweene* Cadesh, *&* Bered; Heb. *the wel of him that liveth and seeth me.*

The thankfull Earth unlocks her self, and blends
A thousand odours, which, all mixt, she sends
Up in one cloud, and so returns the skies
That dew they lent, a breathing sacrifice.
Thus soar'd thy soul, who, though young, didst inherit
Together with his bloud thy father's spirit,
Whose active zeal and tried faith were to thee
Familiar ever since thy Infancie.
Others were tym'd and train'd up to't, but thou
Didst thy swift years in piety out-grow.
Age made them rev'rend and a snowie head,
But thou wert so, e're time his snow could shed.
Then who would truly limne thee out must paint
First a *young Patriarch*, then a *marry'd Saint*.

## THE BRITTISH CHURCH.

H! he is fled!
And while these here their *mists* and *shadows* hatch,
My glorious Head
Doth on those hills of Myrrhe and Incense watch.
Haste, haste, my dear!
The Souldiers here

Cast in their lots againe.
That seamlesse coat,
The Jewes touch'd not,
These dare divide and stain.

2.

O get thee wings!
Or if as yet, until these clouds depart,
And the day springs,
Thou think'st it good to tarry where thou art,
Write in thy bookes,
My ravish'd looks,
Slain flock, and pillag'd fleeces;
And haste thee so,
As a young Roe
Upon the mounts of spices.

*O Rosa Campi! O Lilium Convallium! quomodo nunc facta es pabulum Aprorum!*

## THE LAMPE.

'TIS dead night round about: Horrour doth creepe
And move on with the shades; stars nod and sleepe,
And through the dark aire spin a firie thread,
Such as doth gild the lazie glow-worm's bed.
Yet burn'st thou here a full day, while I spend

My rest in cares, and to the dark world lend
These flames, as thou dost thine to me; I watch
That houre, which must thy life and mine
dispatch,
But still thou doest out-goe me, I can see
Met in thy flames all acts of piety;
Thy light, is *Charity;* Thy heat, is *Zeale;*
And thy aspiring, active fires reveale
Devotion still on wing; Then, thou dost weepe
Still as thou burn'st, and the warme droppings
creepe
To measure out thy length, as if thou'dst know
What stock, and how much time were left thee
now;
Nor dost thou spend one teare in vain, for still
As thou dissolv'st to them, and they distill,
They're stor'd up in the socket, where they lye,
When all is spent, thy last and sure supply:
And such is true repentance; ev'ry breath
Wee spend in sighes is treasure after death.
Only one point escapes thee; That thy Oile
Is still out with thy flame, and so both faile;
But whensoe're I'm out, both shal be in,
And where thou mad'st an end, there I'll begin.

Mark, cap. 13. ver. 35.

*Watch you therefore, for you know not when the master of the house cometh, at Even, or at Midnight, or at the Cock-crowing, or in the Morning.*

## MAN'S FALL AND RECOVERY.

FAREWELL, you Everlasting hills! I'm cast
Here under clouds, where stormes and tempests blast
This sully'd flowre,
Robb'd of your calme; nor can I ever make,
Transplanted thus, one leafe of his t' awake;
But ev'ry houre
He sleepes and droops; and in this drowsie state
Leaves me a slave to passions and my fate.
Besides I've lost
A traine of lights, which in those Sun-shine dayes
Were my sure guides; and only with me stayes,
Unto my cost,
One sullen beame, whose charge is to dispense
More punishment than knowledge to my sense.
Two thousand yeares
I sojourn'd thus. At last *Jeshurun's* King
Those famous tables did from *Sinai* bring.
These swell'd my feares,
Guilts, trespasses, and all this Inward Awe;
For sinne tooke strength and vigour from the Law.
Yet have I found
A plenteous way, (thanks to that Holy One!)

To cancell all that e're was writ in stone.
His saving wound
Wept bloud that broke this Adamant, and gave
To sinners Confidence, life to the grave.
This makes me span
My fathers' journeys, and in one faire step
O're all their pilgrimage and labours leap.
For God, made man,
Reduc'd th' extent of works of faith; so made
Of their *Red Sea* a *Spring*: I wash, they wade.

Rom. cap. 5. ver. 19.

*As by the offence of one, the fault came on all men to condemnation; So by the Righteousness of one, the benefit abounded towards all men to the Justification of life.*

## THE SHOWRE.

WAS so; I saw thy birth. That drowsie Lake
From her faint bosome breath'd thee, the disease
Of her sick waters, and infectious Ease.
But now at even,
Too grosse for Heaven,
Thou fall'st in teares, and weep'st for thy mistake.

2.

Ah! it is so with me; oft have I prest
Heaven with a lazie breath; but fruitles this
Pierc'd not; Love only can with quick accesse
Unlock the way,
When all else stray,
The smoke and exhalations of the brest.

3.

Yet if, as thou doest melt, and, with thy traine
Of drops, make soft the Earth, my eyes could weep
O're my hard heart, that's bound up and asleep,
Perhaps at last,
Some such showres past,
My God would give a Sun-shine after raine.

## DISTRACTION.

KNIT me, that am crumbled dust! the heape
Is all dispers'd and cheape;
Give for a handfull but a thought,
And it is bought.
Hadst thou
Made me a starre, a pearle, or a rain-bow,
The beames I then had shot
My light had lessend not;

But now
I find myselfe the lesse the more I grow.
The world
Is full of voices; Man is call'd, and hurl'd
By each; he answers all,
Knows ev'ry note and call;
Hence still
Fresh dotage tempts, or old usurps his will.
Yet hadst thou clipt my wings, when coffin'd in
This quicken'd masse of sinne,
And saved that light, which freely thou
Didst then bestow,
I feare
I should have spurn'd, and said thou didst forbeare,
Or that thy store was lesse;
But now since thou didst blesse
So much,
I grieve, my God! that thou hast made me such.
I grieve?
O, yes! thou know'st I doe; come, and relieve,
And tame and keepe downe with thy light,
Dust that would rise and dimme my sight!
Lest left alone too long
Amidst the noise and throng,
Oppressed I,
Striving to save the whole, by parcells dye.

## THE PURSUITE.

LORD! what a busie restless thing
Hast thou made man!
Each day and houre he is on wing,
Rests not a span.
Then having lost the Sunne and light,
By clouds surpriz'd,
He keepes a Commerce in the night
With aire disguis'd.
Hadst thou given to this active dust
A state untir'd,
The lost Sonne had not left the huske,
Nor home desir'd.
That was thy secret, and it is
Thy mercy too;
For when all failes to bring to blisse,
Then this must doe.
Ah! Lord! and what a Purchase will that be,
To take us sick, that sound would not take thee!

## MOUNT OF OLIVES.

SWEETE, sacred hill! on whose fair brow
My Saviour sate, shall I allow
Language to love
And idolize some shade or grove,
Neglecting thee? such ill-plac'd wit,

Conceit, or call it what you please,
Is the braine's fit,
And meere disease.

2.

*Cotswold* and *Cooper's* both have met
With learned swaines, and eccho yet
Their pipes, and wit;
But thou sleep'st in a deepe neglect,
Untouch'd by any; and what need
The sheep bleat thee a silly Lay,
That heard'st both reed
And sheepward play?

3.

Yet if Poets mind thee well,
They shall find thou art their hill,
And fountaine too:
Their Lord with thee had most to doe;
He wept once, walkt whole nights on thee;
And from thence (his sufferings ended,)
Unto glorie
Was attended.

4.

Being there, this spacious ball
Is but his narrow footstoole all;
And what we thinke
Unsearchable, now with one winke
He doth comprise. But in this aire
When he did stay to beare our Ill
And sinne, this Hill
Was then his Chaire.

## THE INCARNATION AND PASSION.

LORD! when thou didst thyselfe undresse,
Laying by thy robes of glory,
To make us more thou wouldst be lesse
And becam'st a wofull story.

To put on clouds instead of light,
And cloath the morning-starre with dust,
Was a translation of such height
As, but in thee, was ne'r exprest.

Brave wormes and earth! that thus could have
A God enclos'd within your cell,
Your Maker pent up in a grave,
Life lockt in death, heav'n in a shell.

Ah, my deare Lord! what couldst thou spye
In this impure, rebellious clay,
That made thee thus resolve to dye
For those that kill thee every day?

O what strange wonders could thee move
To slight thy precious bloud and breath?
Sure it was *Love*, my Lord; for *Love*
Is only stronger far than death!

## THE CALL.

OME, my heart! come, my head,
In sighes, and teares!
'Tis now, since you have laine thus dead,
Some twenty years.
Awake, awake,
Some pitty take
Upon your selves!
Whc never wake to grone, nor weepe,
Shall be sentenc'd for their sleepe.

2.

Doe but see your sad estate,
How many sands
Have left us, while we careles sate
With folded hands;
What stock of nights,
Of dayes, and yeares,
In silent flights
Stole by our eares;
How ill have we our selves bestow'd,
Whose suns are all set in a cloud!

3.

Yet, come, and let's peruse them all;
And, as we passe,
What sins on every minute fall
Score on the glasse;

Then weigh and rate
Their heavy state,
Untill
The glasse with teares you fill;
That done, we shall be safe and good:
Those beasts were cleane that chew'd the cud.

## ¶ [EARLY DEATH.]

THOU that know'st for whom I mourne,
And why these teares appeare,
That keep'st account till he returne
Of all his dust left here;
As easily thou mightst prevent,
As now produce, these teares,
And adde unto that day he went
A faire supply of yeares.
But 'twas my sinne that forc'd thy hand
To cull this *Prim-rose* out,
That, by thy early choice forewarn'd,
My soule might looke about.
O what a vanity is man!
How like the eye's quick winke
His cottage failes, whose narrow spun
Begins even at the brink!
Nine months thy hands are fashioning us,
And many yeares, alas!
E're we can lisp, or ought discusse
Concerning thee, must passe;
Yet have I knowne thy slightest things,
A *feather*, or a *shell*,

A *stick*, or *rod*, which some chance brings,
The best of us excell.
Yea, I have knowne these shreds outlast
A faire-compacted frame,
And for one *Twenty* we have past
Almost outlive our name.
Thus hast thou plac'd in man's outside
Death to the common eye,
That heaven within him might abide,
And close eternitie.
Hence youth and folly, man's first shame,
Are put unto the slaughter,
And serious thoughts begin to tame
The wise man's madness, *Laughter.*
Dull, wretched wormes! that would not keepe
Within our first faire bed,
But out of *Paradise* must creepe,
For ev'ry foote to tread!
Yet had our Pilgrimage bin free,
And smooth without a thorne,
Pleasures had foil'd Eternitie,
And *Tares* had choakt the *Corne.*
Thus by the Crosse, Salvation runnes;
Affliction is a mother,
Whose painfull throes yield many sons,
Each fairer than the other.
A silent Teare can pierce thy throne,
When lowd Joyes want a wing;
And sweeter aires streame from a grone,
Than any arted string.
Thus, Lord, I see my gaine is great,
My losse but little to it;
Yet something more I must intreate,

And only thou canst doe it.
O let me, like him, know my End,
And be as glad to find it;
And whatsoe'r thou shalt commend,
Still let thy servant mind it!
Then make my soule white as his owne,
My faith as pure and steddy,
And deck me, Lord, with the same Crowne
Thou hast crownd him already!

## VANITY OF SPIRIT.

QUITE spent with thoughts I left my Cell, and lay
Where a shrill spring tun'd to the early day.
I beg'd here long, and gron'd to know
Who gave the clouds so brave a bow,
Who bent the spheres, and circled in
Corruption with this glorious Ring;
What is his name, and how I might
Descry some part of his great light.
I summon'd nature; pierc'd through all her store;
Broke up some seales, which none had touch'd before;
Her wombe, her bosome, and her head,
Where all her secrets lay abed,
I rifled quite, and having past
Through all the creatures, came at last
To search myselfe, where I did find

Traces and sounds of a strange kind.
Here of this mighty spring I found some rills,
With ecchoes beaten from th' eternall hills.
Weake beames and fires flash'd to my sight,
Like a young East, or Moone-shine night,
Which shew'd me in a nook cast by
A peece of much antiquity,
With Hieroglyphicks quite dismembred,
And broken letters scarce remembred.
I tooke them up, and (much joy'd,) went about
T' unite those peeces, hoping to find out
The mystery ; but this neer done,
That little light I had was gone.
It griev'd me much. At last, said I,
*Since in these veyls my eclips'd Eye*
*May not approach thee, (for at night*
*Who can have commerce with the light ?)*
*I'le disapparell, and to buy*
*But one half glaunce most gladly dye.*

## THE RETREATE.

HAPPY those early dayes, when I
Shin'd in my Angell-infancy !
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestiall thought ;
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile or two from my first Love,

And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some *gilded Cloud* or *Flowre*
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinfull sound,
Or had the black art to dispence
A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright *shootes* of everlastingnesse.
O how I long to travell back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left my glorious traine;
From whence th' inlightened spirit sees
That shady City of Palme trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And, when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

## ¶ [ABSENCE.]

COME, come! what doe I here?
Since he is gone,
Each day is grown a dozen year,
And each houre one.
Come, come!

Cut off the sum
By these soil'd teares!
(Which only thou
Know'st to be true,)
Dayes are my feares.

2.

There's not a wind can stir,
Or beam passe by,
But strait I think, though far,
Thy hand is nigh.
Come, come!
Strike these lips dumb:
This restless breath,
That soiles thy name,
Will ne'r be tame,
Untill in death.

3.

Perhaps some think a tombe
No house of store,
But a dark and seal'd up wombe,
Which ne'r breeds more.
Come, come!
Such thoughts benum;
But I would be
With him I weep
A-bed, and sleep
To wake in thee.

## ¶ MIDNIGHT.

WHEN to my Eyes,
Whilst deep sleep others catches,
Thine host of spyes,
The Starres, shine in their watches,
I doe survey
Each busie ray,
And how they work and wind,
And wish each beame
My soul doth streame
With the like ardour shin'd.
What Emanations,
Quick Vibrations,
And bright Stirs are there!
What thin Ejections,
Cold Affections,
And slow Motions here!

2.

Thy heav'ns, some say,
Are a firie-liquid light,
Which, mingling aye,
Streames and flames thus to the sight.
Come then, my God!
Shine on this bloud
And water in one beame;
And thou shalt see,
Kindled by thee,
Both liquors burne and streame.
O what bright quickness,

Active brightness,
And celestiall flowes,
Will follow after,
On that water
Which thy Spirit blowes!

Matth. cap. 3. ver. 11.

*I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance, but he that commeth after me, is mightier than I; whose shooes I am not worthy to beare; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.*

## ¶ CONTENT.

PEACE, peace! I know 'twas brave;
But this coarse fleece
I shelter in, is slave
To no such peece.
When I am gone,
I shall no wardrobes leave
To friend or sonne,
But what their own homes weave.

2.

Such, though not proud nor full,
May make them weep,
And mourn to see the wooll
Outlast the sheep;
Poore, pious weare!
Hadst thou bin rich, or fine,

Perhaps that teare
Had mourn'd thy losse, not mine.

3.

Why then these curl'd, puffed points,
Or a laced story?
Death sets all out of joint,
And scornes their glory.
Some Love a *Rose*
In hand, some in the skin;
But, crosse to those,
I would have mine *within*.

## ¶ [STARS.]

OY of my life while left me here!
And still my Love!
How in thy absence thou dost steere
Me from above!
A life well led
This truth commends;
With quick or dead
It never ends.

2.

Stars are of mighty use. The night
Is dark, and long;
The Rode foul; and where one goes right,
Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray,

Shot o'er some cloud,
May clear much way,
And guide a croud.

3.

God's Saints are shining lights: who stays
Here long must passe
O're dark hills, swift streames, and steep ways
As smooth as glasse;
But these all night,
Like Candles, shed
Their beams, and light
Us into Bed.

4.

They are indeed our Pillar-fires,
Seen as we go;
They are that Citie's shining spires
We travell to.
A swordlike gleame
Kept man for sin
First *Out*: this beame
Will guide him *In*.

## THE STORM.

I SEE the use; and know my bloud
Is not a Sea,
But a shallow, bounded floud,
Though red as he;
Yet have I flows as strong as his,
And boyling stremes that rave

With the same curling force, and hisse
As doth the mountain'd wave.

2.

But when his waters billow thus,
Dark storms and wind
Incite them to that fierce discusse,
Else not inclin'd.
Thus the enlarg'd, inraged air
Uncalmes these to a floud;
But still the weather that's most fair
Breeds tempests in my bloud.

3.

Lord, then round me with weeping clouds.
And let my mind
In quick blasts sigh beneath those shrouds,
A spirit-wind;
So shall that storme purge this *Recluse*
Which sinfull ease made foul,
And *wind* and *water*, to thy use,
Both *wash* and *wing* my soul.

## THE MORNING-WATCH.

JOYES! Infinite Sweetness! with
what flowres
And shoots of glory my soul breakes
and buds!
All the long houres
Of night and rest,

Through the still shrouds
Of sleep and clouds,
This Dew fell on my breast;
O how it *Blouds*,
And *Spirits* all my Earth! Heark! In what
Rings
And *Hymning Circulations* the quick world
Awakes and sings!
The rising winds,
And falling springs,
Birds, beasts, all things
Adore him in their kinds
Thus all is hurl'd
In sacred *Hymnes* and *Order*, the great *Chime*
And *Symphony* of nature. Prayer is
The world in tune,
A spirit-voyce,
And vocall joyes,
Whose *Eccho* is heav'ns blisse.
O let me climbe
When I lye down! The pious soul by night
Is like a clouded starre, whose beames, though
said
To shed their light
Under some cloud,
Yet are above,
And shine and move
Beyond that mistie shrowd.
So in my Bed,
That curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes,
hide
My lamp and life, both shall in thee abide.

## THE EVENING-WATCH.

*A Dialogue.*

*Body.*

FAREWELL! I goe to sleep; but, when
The day-star springs, I'le wake agen.

*Soul.*

Goe, sleep in peace; and when thou lyest
Unnumber'd in thy dust, when all this frame
Is but one dramme, and what thou now descriest
In sev'rall parts shall want a name,
Then may his peace be with thee, and each dust
Writ in his book, who ne'r betray'd man's trust!

*Body.*

Amen! but hark, e'er we two stray,
How many hours dost think 'till day?

*Soul.*

Ah! go; thou'rt weak, and sleepie. Heav'n
Is a plain watch, and, without figures, winds
All ages up; who drew this circle, even
He fils it; dayes and hours are *Blinds*.
Yet this take with thee. The last gasp of time
Is thy first breath, and man's *eternall Prime*.

## ¶ [BEREAVEMENT.]

ILENCE and stealth of dayes! 'tis now
Since thou art gone,
Twelve hundred houres, and not a brow
But clouds hang on.
As he that in some cave's thick damp,
Lockt from the light,
Fixeth a solitary lamp,
To brave the night,
And, walking from his Sun, when past
That glim'ring ray,
Cuts through the heavy mists in haste
Back to his day;
So o'er fled minutes I retreat
Unto that hour,
Which shew'd thee last, but did defeat
Thy light and pow'r.
I search and rack my soul to see
Those beams again;
But nothing but the snuff to me
Appeareth plain.
That, dark and dead, sleeps in its known
And common urn:
But those, fled to their Maker's throne,
There shine and burn.
O could I track them! but souls must
Track one the other;
And now the Spirit, not the dust,
Must be thy brother.

Yet I have one *Pearle*, by whose light
All things I see;
And in the heart of Earth and night
Find Heaven and thee.

## CHURCH-SERVICE.

BLEST be the God of Harmony and Love!
The God above!
And holy Dove!
Whose interceding, spirituall grones
Make restless mones
For dust and stones;
For dust in every part,
But a hard, stonie heart.

2.

O how in this thy Quire of Souls I stand,
Propt by thy hand,
A heap of sand
Which busie thoughts, like winds, would scatter quite,
And put to flight,
But for thy might;
Thy hand alone doth tame
Those blasts, and knit my frame;

3.

So that both stones, and dust, and all of me
Jointly agree
To cry to thee;

And in this Musick, by thy Martyrs' bloud
Seal'd and made good,
Present, O God,
The eccho of these stones,
—My sighes, and grones!

## BURIALL.

THOU! the first fruits of the dead,
And their dark bed,
When I am cast into that deep
And senseless sleep,
The wages of my sinne,
O then,
Thou great Preserver of all men,
Watch o're that loose
And empty house,
Which I sometimes liv'd in!

2.

It is in truth a ruin'd peece,
Not worth thy eyes;
And scarce a room, but wind and rain
Beat through, and stain
The seats, and cells within;
Yet thou,
Led by thy Love, wouldst stoop thus low,
And in this Cott,
All filth, and spott,
Didst with thy servant Inne.

3.

And nothing can, I hourely see,
Drive thee from me.
Thou art the same, faithfull and just,
In life, or dust.
Though then, thus crumm'd, I stray
In blasts,
Or exhalations, and wasts
Beyond all eyes,
Yet thy love spies
That change, and knows thy Clay.

4.

The world's thy boxe: how then, there tost,
Can I be lost?
But the delay is all; Tyme now
Is old and slow;
His wings are dull and sickly.
Yet he
Thy servant is, and waits on thee.
Cutt then the summe,
Lord, haste, Lord, come,
O come, Lord *Jesus*, quickly!

Rom. cap. 8. ver. 23.

*And not only they, but our selves also, which have the first fruits of the spirit, even wee our selves grone within our selves, waiting for the adoption,* to wit, *the redemption of our body.*

## CHEARFULNESS.

LORD, with what courage and delight
I doe each thing,
When thy least breath sustaines my wing!
I shine, and move
Like those above,
And, with much gladnesse
Quitting sadnesse,
Make me faire dayes of every night.

2.

Affliction thus meere pleasure is;
And hap what will,
If thou be in't, 'tis welcome still.
But since thy rayes
In sunnie dayes
Thou dost thus lend,
And freely spend,
Ah! what shall I return for this?

3.

O that I were all Soul! that thou
Wouldst make each part
Of this poor, sinfull frame pure heart!
Then would I drown
My single one;
And to thy praise
A Concert raise
Of *Hallelujahs* here below.

## ¶ [DISTANCE.]

URE, there's a tye of Bodyes! and as they
Dissolve with it to Clay,
Love languisheth, and memory doth rust,
O'r-cast with that cold dust;
For things thus *center'd*, without *Beames* or *Action*,
Nor give, nor take *Contaction;*
And man is such a Marygold, these fled,
That shuts, and hangs the head.

2.

Absents within the Line conspire, and *Sense*
Things distant doth unite;
Herbs sleep unto the *East*, and some fowles thence
Watch the returns of light.
But hearts are not so kind: false, short delights
Tell us the world is brave,
And wrap us in Imaginary flights,
Wide of a faithful grave.

3.

Thus *Lazarus* was carried out of town;
For 'tis our foe's chief art,
By distance all good objects first to drown,
And then besiege the heart.

But I will be my own *Death's-head;* and though
The flatt'rer say, *I live,*
Because Incertainties we cannot know,
Be sure not to believe.

## PEACE.

MY Soul, there is a countrie
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged Sentrie
All skilfull in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits, crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
And (O my Soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There growes the flowre of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortresse, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

## THE PASSION.

MY chief good!
My dear, dear God!
When thy blest bloud
Did issue forth, forc'd by the Rod
What pain didst Thou
Feel in each blow!
How didst Thou weep,
And thy self steep
In thy own precious, saving teares!
What cruell smart
Did teare thy heart!
How didst Thou grone it
In the spirit,
O Thou, whom my soul loves and feares!

2.

Most blessed Vine!
Whose juice so good
I feel as Wine,
But thy faire branches felt as bloud,
How wert thou prest
To be my feast!
In what deep anguish
Didst thou languish!
What springs of Sweat and bloud did drown thee!
How in one path
Did the full wrath

Of thy great Father
Crowd and gather,
Doubling thy griefs, when none would own thee!

3.

How did the weight
Of all our sinnes,
And death unite
To wrench and rack thy blessed limbes!
How pale and bloudie
Lookt thy Body!
How bruis'd and broke,
With every stroke!
How meek, and patient was thy spirit!
How didst thou cry,
And grone on high
"*Father forgive*,
And let them live!
I dye to make my foes inherit!"

4.

O blessed Lamb!
That took'st my sinne,
That took'st my shame,
How shall thy dust thy praises sing?
I would I were
One hearty teare!
One constant spring!
Then would I bring
Thee two small mites, and be at strife
Which should most vie,
My heart, or eye,

Teaching my years
In smiles and tears
To weep, to sing, thy *Death*, my *Life*.

## Rom. Cap. 8. ver. 19.

*Etenim res creatæ exerto capite observantes expectant revelationem Filiorum Dei.*

ND do they so? have they a Sense
Of ought but Influence?
Can they their heads lift, and expect,
And grone too? why th' Elect,
Can do no more: my volumes said
They were all dull, and dead;
They judg'd them senslesse, and their state
Wholly inanimate.
Go, go; Seal up thy looks,
And burn thy books.

2.

I would I were a stone, or tree,
Or flowre by pedigree,
Or some poor high-way herb, or Spring
To flow, or bird to sing!
Then should I, tyed to one sure state,
All day expect my date.
But I am sadly loose, and stray,
A giddy blast each way;
O let me not thus range!
Thou canst not change.

3.

Sometimes I sit with thee, and tarry
An hour or so, then vary.
Thy other Creatures in this Scene
Thee only aym and mean;
Some rise to seek thee, and with heads
Erect peep from their beds;
Others, whose birth is in the tomb,
And cannot quit the womb,
Sigh there, and grone for thee,
Their liberty.

4.

O let not me do lesse! shall they
Watch, while I sleep or play?
Shall I thy mercies still abuse
With fancies, friends, or newes?
O brook it not! thy bloud is mine,
And my soul should be thine;
O brook it not! why wilt thou stop
After whole showres one drop?
Sure, thou wilt joy to see
Thy sheep with thee.

## THE RELAPSE.

MY God, how gracious art thou! I had slipt
Almost to hell,
And, on the verge of that dark, dreadful pit,

Did hear them yell;
But O thy love! thy rich, almighty love,
That sav'd my soul,
And checkt their furie, when I saw them move,
And heard them howl!
O my sole Comfort, take no more these wayes,
This hideous path,
And I will mend my own without delayes:
Cease thou thy wrath!
I have deserv'd a thick, Egyptian damp,
Dark as my deeds,
Should *mist* within me, and put out that lamp
Thy spirit feeds;
A darting Conscience full of stabs and fears;
No shade but *Yewgh*,
Sullen and sad Ecclipses, cloudie spheres,
These are my due.
But he that with his bloud, (a price too deere,)
My scores did pay,
Bid me, by vertue from him, chalenge here
The brightest day;
Sweet, downie thoughts, soft *Lily*-shades, calm streams,
Joyes full and true,
Fresh, spicie mornings, and eternal beams,—
These are his due.

## THE RESOLVE.

HAVE consider'd it; and find
A longer stay
Is but excus'd neglect. To mind
One path, and stray
Into another, or to none,
Cannot be love;
When shall that traveller come home,
That will not move?
If thou would'st thither, linger not,
Catch at the place;
Tell youth and beauty they must rot,
They're but a *Case;*
Loose, parcell'd hearts will freeze: the Sun
With scatter'd locks
Scarce warms, but by contraction
Can heat [the] rocks.
Call in thy *Powers;* run [on], and reach
Home with the light;
Be there, before the shadows stretch,
And *span* up night.
Follow the *Cry* no more: there is
An ancient way
All strewed with flowres and happiness,
And fresh as *May;*
There turn, and turn no more. Let wits,
Smile at fair eies,
Or lips; but who there weeping sits,
Hath got the *Prize.*

## THE MATCH.

EAR friend! whose holy, ever-living lines
Have done much good
To many, and have checkt my blood,
My fierce, wild blood, that still heaves and inclines,
But is still tam'd
By those bright fires which thee inflam'd;
Here I joyn hands, and thrust my stubborn heart
Into thy *Deed*,
There from no *Duties* to be freed,
And if hereafter *youth* or *folly* thwart
And claim their share,
Here I renounce the pois'nous ware.

## II.

CCEPT, dread Lord, the poore Oblation;
It is but poore;
Yet through thy mercies may be more.
O Thou! that canst not wish my soul's damnation,
Afford me life,
And save me from all inward strife!

Two *Lifes* I hold from thee, my gracious Lord,
Both cost thee dear;
For one, I am thy Tenant here;
The other, the true life, in the next world
And endless is,
O let me still mind *that* in *this!*
To Thee therefore my *Thoughts*, *Words*, *Actions*
I do resign;
Thy will in all be done, not mine.
Settle my *house*, and shut out all distractions
That may unknit
My heart, and thee planted in it;
Lord *Jesu!* thou didst bow thy blessed head
Upon a tree,
O do as much, now unto me!
O hear, and heal thy servant! Lord, strike dead
All lusts in me,
Who onely wish life to serve thee!
Suffer no more this dust to overflow
And drown my eies;
But seal, or pin them to thy skies,
And let this *grain*, which here in tears I sow,
Though *dead* and *sick*,
Through thy *Increase* grow *new* and *quick*.

## RULES AND LESSONS.

WHEN first thy Eies unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our Bodies but forerun
The Spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the Sun.
Give him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet never sleep the Sun up. Prayer shou'd
Dawn with the day. There are set, awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us. The *Manna* was not good
After Sun-rising; far-day sullies flowers.
Rise to prevent the Sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when this world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the *hush*
And *whispers* amongst *them*. There's not a *Spring*,
Or *Leafe* but hath his *Morning-hymn*. Each *Bush*
And *Oak* doth know *I AM*. Canst thou not sing?

O leave thy Cares, and follies! go this way;
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let him not go,
Until thou hast a blessing; then resigne
The whole unto him; and remember who
Prevail'd by *wrestling* ere the *Sun* did *shine.*
Poure *Oyle* upon the *stones;* weep for thy sin;
Then journey on, and have an eie to heav'n.

*Mornings* are *Mysteries;* the first world's *Youth,*
Man's *Resurrection* and the future's *Bud*
Shrowd in their births: The Crown of life, light, truth
Is stil'd their *starre,* the *stone,* and *hidden food.*
Three *blessings* wait upon them, two of which
Should move. They make us *holy, happy,* rich.

When the world's up, and ev'ry swarm abroad,
Keep thou thy temper; mix not with each Clay;
Dispatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carri'd on, and safely may.
Yet keep those cares without thee, let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

Through all thy *Actions, Counsels,* and *Discourse,*
Let *Mildness* and *Religion* guide thee out;
If truth be thine, what needs a brutish force?
But what's not *good* and *just* ne'er go about.

Wrong not thy Conscience for a rotten stick;
That gain is dreadful, which makes spirits sick.

To God, thy countrie, and thy friend be true;
If *Priest* and *People* change, keep thou thy ground.
Who sels Religion, is a *Judas Jew;*
And, oathes once broke, the soul cannot be sound.
The perjurer's a devil let loose: what can
Tie up his hands, that dares mock God and man?

Seek not the same steps with the *Crowd;* stick thou
To thy sure trot; a constant, humble mind
Is both his own Joy, and his Maker's too;
Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.
A sweet *self-privacy* in a right soul
Out-runs the Earth, and lines the utmost pole.

To all that seek thee, bear an open heart;
Make not thy breast a *Labyrinth*, or *Trap;*
If tryals come, this wil make good thy part,
For honesty is safe, come what can hap;
It is the good man's *feast*, the prince of flowres,
Which thrives in *storms*, and smels best after *showres*.

Seal not thy Eyes up from the poor, but give
Proportion to their *Merits*, and thy *Purse;*
Thou may'st in rags a mighty Prince relieve,
Who, when thy sins call for't, can fence a Curse.
Thou shalt not lose one *mite*. Though waters stray,
The Bread we cast returns in fraughts one day.

Spend not an hour so as to weep another,
For tears are not thine own; If thou giv'st words,
Dash not [with them] thy *friend*, nor *Heav'n;*
O smother
A viperous thought; some *Syllables* are *Swords*.
Unbitted tongues are in their penance double;
They shame their *owners*, and their *hearers* trouble.

Injure not modest bloud, whose *spirits* rise
In judgement against lewdness; that's base wit,
That voyds but filth and stench. Hast thou no prize
But *sickness* or *infection?* stifle it.
Who makes his jest of sins, must be at least
If not a very *devill*, worse than a *Beast*.

Yet fly no friend, if he be such indeed;
But meet to quench his *Longings*, and thy *Thirst;*
Allow your Joyes, *Religion:* that done, speed,
And bring the same man back, thou wert first.

Who so returns not, cannot pray aright,
But shuts his door, and leaves God out all night.

To heighten thy *Devotions*, and keep low
All mutinous thoughts, what busines e'r thou hast,
Observe God in his works; here *fountains* flow,
*Birds* sing, *Beasts* feed, *Fish* leap, and th' *Earth* stands fast;
Above are restles *Motions*, running *Lights*,
Vast circling *Azure*, giddy *Clouds*, days, nights.

When *Seasons* change, then lay before thine eys
His wondrous *Method;* mark the various *Scenes*
In heav'n; *Hail*, *Thunder*, *Rain-bows*, *Snow*, and *Ice*,
*Calmes*, *Tempests*, *Light*, and *Darknes*, by his means;
Thou canst not misse his Praise; each *tree*, *herb*, *flowre*
Are shadows of his *wisedome*, and his *pow'r*.

To meales when thou doest come, give him the praise
Whose Arm supply'd thee; take what may suffice,
And then be thankful; O admire His ways
Who fills the world's unempty'd granaries!
A thankless feeder is a *Theif*, his feast
A very *Robbery*, and himself no *guest*.

High-noon thus past, thy time decays; provide
Thee other thoughts: away with friends and
mirth;
The Sun now stoops, and hastes his beams to
hide
Under the dark and melancholy Earth.
All but preludes thy End. Thou art the man
Whose *Rise, hight*, and *Descent*, is but a span.

Yet, set as he doth, and 'tis well. Have all
Thy Beams home with thee: trim thy Lamp,
buy *Oyl*,
And then set forth; who is thus drest, the *Fall*
Furthers his glory, and gives death the foyl.
Man is a *Summer's day;* whose *youth* and *fire*
Cool to a glorious *Evening*, and expire.

When night comes, list thy deeds; make plain
the way
'Twixt heaven and thee; block it not with de-
lays;
But perfect all before thou sleep'st; then say
*There's one Sun more strung on my Bead of days.*
What's good score up for Joy; the bad, well
scann'd,
Wash off with tears, and get thy *Master's*
hand.

Thy Accounts thus made, spend in the grave
one houre
Before thy time; be not a stranger there,
Where thou may'st sleep whole ages; Life's
poor flow'r

Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad spirits fear
This conversation; But the good man lyes
Intombed many days before he dyes.

Being laid, and drest for sleep, close not thy Eyes
Up with thy curtains; give thy soul the wing
In some good thoughts; so, when the day shall rise,
And thou *unrak'st* thy *fire*, those *sparks* will bring
New *flames*; besides where these lodge, vain *heats* mourn
And die; that *Bush*, where God is, shall not burn.

When thy *Nap's* over, stir thy fire, unrake
In that *dead age*; one beam i' th' dark outvies
Two in the day; then from the *Damps* and *Ake*
Of night shut up thy *leaves*; be Chaste; God prys
Through thickest nights; though then the Sun be far,
Do thou the works of *Day*, and rise a *Star*.

Briefly, *Doe as thou would'st be done unto,*
*Love God, and love thy Neighbour; Watch, and Pray.*
These are the *Words*, and *Works* of life; This do,
And live; who doth not thus, hath lost *Heav'n's way*.

O lose it not! look up, wilt Change those *Lights*
For *Chains* of *Darknes and Eternal Nights?*

## CORRUPTION.

URE, It was so. Man in those early days
Was not all stone and earth;
He shin'd a little, and by those weak rays,
Had some glimpse of his birth.
He saw Heaven o'er his head, and knew from whence
He came, condemned, hither,
And, as first Love draws strongest, so from hence
His mind sure progress'd thither.
Things here were strange unto him: swet and till,
All was a thorn, or weed;
Nor did those last, but, like himself, dyed still
As soon as they did *Seed;*
They seem'd to quarrel with him; for that Act,
That fell'd him, foyl'd them all;
He drew the Curse upon the world, and crackt
The whole frame with his fall.
This made him long for *home*, as loath to stay
With murmurers and foes;
He sighed for *Eden*, and would often say
*Ah! what bright days were those!*

Nor was Heav'n cold unto him; for each day
The vally, or the mountain
Afforded visits, and still *Paradise* lay
In some green shade or fountain.
Angels lay *Leiger* here; each bush, and cell,
Each oke and high-way knew them:
Walk but the fields, or sit down at some *well*,
And he was sure to view them.
Almighty *Love!* where art thou now? mad man
Sits down, and freezeth on:
He raves, and swears to stir nor fire nor fan,
But bids the thread be spun.
I see, thy curtains are close-drawn; thy bow
Looks dim too in the cloud;
Sin triumphs still, and man is sunk below
The center, and his shrowd.
All's in deep sleep and night; thick darkness lyes
And hatcheth o'er thy people—
But hark! what trumpet's that, what angel cries
*Arise! Thrust in thy sickle!*

## H[OLY] SCRIPTURES.

WELCOME, dear book, Soul's joy and food! The feast
Of Spirits: Heav'n extracted lyes in thee.
Thou art life's Charter, The Dove's spotless neast
Where souls are hatch'd unto Eternitie.

In thee the hidden stone, the *Manna* lies;
Thou art the great *Elixir*, rare and choice;
The Key that opens to all Mysteries,
The *Word* in Characters, God in the *Voice*.

O that I had deep cut in my hard heart
Each line in thee! Then would I plead in groans
Of my Lord's penning, and by sweetest Art
Return upon himself the *Law*, and *Stones*.
Read here, my faults are thine. This Book and I
Will tell thee so; *Sweet Saviour thou didst dye!*

## UNPROFITABLENES.

OW rich, O Lord, how fresh thy visits are!
'Twas but just now my bleak leaves hopeless hung
Sullyed with dust and mud;
Each snarling blast shot through me, and did share
Their youth and beauty; cold showres nipt and wrung
Their spiciness and bloud.
But since thou didst in one sweet glance survey
Their sad decays, I flourish, and once more
Breath all perfumes and spice;

I smell a dew like *Myrrh*, and all the day
Wear in my bosome a full Sun; such store
Hath one beame from thy eyes.
But, ah, my God! what fruit hast thou of this?
What one poor leaf did ever I yet fall
To wait upon thy wreath?
Thus thou all day a thankless weed doest dress,
And when th' hast done, a stench, or fog is all
The odour I bequeath.

## CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

AWAKE, glad heart! get up and sing!
It is the Birth-day of thy King.
Awake! awake!
The Sun doth shake
Light from his locks, and, all the way
Breathing Perfumes, doth spice the day.

2.

Awake, awake! heark how th' *wood* rings;
*Winds* whisper, and the busie *springs*
A Concert make;
Awake! awake!
Man is their high-priest, and should rise
To offer up the sacrifice.

3.

I would I were some bird, or star,
Flutt'ring in woods, or lifted far

Above this *Inne*
And Rode of sin!
Then either star or bird should be
Shining or singing still to thee.

4.

I would I had in my best part
Fit roomes for thee! or that my heart
Were so clean as
Thy manger was!
But I am all filth, and obscene;
Yet, if thou wilt, thou canst make clean.

5.

Sweet *Jesu!* will then. Let no more
This Leper haunt and soyl thy door!
Cure him, ease him,
O release him!
And let once more, by mystick birth,
The Lord of life be born in earth.

## II.

OW kind is Heav'n to man! If here
One sinner doth amend,
Strait there is Joy, and ev'ry sphere
In musick doth contend.
And shall we then no voices lift?
Are Mercy and Salvation
Not worth our thanks? Is Life a gift
Of no more acceptation?

Shall He that did come down from thence,
And here for us was slain,
Shall He be now cast off? no sense
Of all his woes remain?
Can neither Love nor Suff'rings bind?
Are we all stone and earth?
Neither his bloudy passions mind,
Nor one day blesse his birth?
Alas, my God! Thy birth, now, here,
Must not be numbred in the year.[1]

## THE CHECK.

PEACE, peace! I blush to hear thee;
when thou art
A dusty story,
A speechlesse heap, and in the midst
my heart
In the same livery drest
Lyes tame as all the rest;
When six years thence digg'd up, some youthfull
Eye
Seeks there for symmetry,
But finding none, shall leave thee to the wind,
Or the next foot to crush,
Scatt'ring thy kind
And humble dust,—tell then, dear flesh,
Where is thy glory?

[1] *The Puritans abolished the celebration of Christmas.*—Ed.

2.

As he, that in the midst of day expects
The hideous night,
Sleeps not, but shaking off sloth and neglects,
Works with the Sun, and sets,
Paying the day its debts;
That for Repose and darkness bound, he might
Rest from the fears i'th' night;
So should we too. All things teach us to die,
And point us out the way;
While we passe by,
And mind it not; play not away
Thy glimpse of light.

3.

View thy fore-runners. Creatures, giv'n to be
Thy youth's Companions,
Take their leave, and die; birds, beasts, each tree
All that have growth or breath
Have one large language, *Death!*
O then play not! but strive to Him, who can
Make these sad shades pure Sun,
Turning their mists to beams, their damps to day;
Whose pow'r doth so excell
As to make Clay
A Spirit, and true glory dwell
In dust and stones.

4.

Heark, how he doth invite thee! with what voice
Of love and sorrow

He begs and calls! *O, that in these thy days*
Thou knew'st but thy own good!
Shall not the crys of bloud,
Of God's own bloud, awake thee? He bids beware
Of drunknes, surfeits, care;
But thou sleep'st on; where's now thy protestation,
Thy lines, thy love? Away!
Redeem the day;
The day that gives no observation
Perhaps to morrow.

## DISORDER AND FRAILTY.

HEN first thou didst even from the grave
And womb of darkness becken out
My brutish soul, and to thy slave
Becam'st thyself both guide and scout;
Even from that hour
Thou got'st my heart; and though here tost
By winds, and bit with frost,
I pine and shrink,
Breaking the link
'Twixt thee and me; and oftimes creep
Into th' old silence, and dead sleep,
Quitting thy way
All the long day;
Yet, sure, my God! I love thee most.
*Alas, Thy Love!*

2.

I threaten Heaven, and from my cell
Of clay and frailty break and bud,
Touch'd by thy fire and breath; thy bloud
Too is my dew, and springing well.
But while I grow
And stretch to thee, ayming at all
Thy stars and spangled hall,
Each fly doth taste
Poyson, and blast
My yielding leaves; sometimes a showr
Beats them quite off; and in an hour
Not one poor shoot,
But the bare root
Hid under ground survives the fall.
*Alas, frail weed!*

3.

Thus like some sleeping exhalation,
Which, wak'd by heat and beams, makes up
Unto that comforter, the Sun,
And soars, and shines, but ere we sup
And walk two steps,
Cool'd by the damps of night, descends,
And, whence it sprung, there ends,
Doth my weak fire
Pine, and retire;
And, after all my height of flames,
In sickly expirations tames,
Leaving me dead
On my first bed,
Untill thy Sun again ascends.
*Poor, falling Star!*

4.

O, yes! but give wings to my fire;
And hatch my soul, untill it fly
Up where thou art, amongst thy tire
Of stars, above infirmity;
Let not perverse
And foolish thoughts adde to my bill
Of forward Sins, and kill
That seed, which thou
In me didst sow;
But dresse, and water with thy grace,
Together with the seed, the place;
And, for his sake
Who died to stake
His life for mine, tune to thy will
My heart, my verse.

Hosea, cap. 6. ver. 4.

*O Ephraim what shall I do unto thee? O Judah how shall I intreat thee? for thy goodness is as a morning Cloud, and as the early Dew it goeth away.*

## IDLE VERSE.

GO, go, queint folies! sugred sin,
Shadow no more my door!
I will no longer cobwebs spin;
I'm too much on the score.

For since amidst my youth and night
My great preserver smiles,
We'll make a match, my only light,
And joyn against their wiles.

Blind, desp'rate *fits*, that study how
To dresse and trim our shame,
That gild rank poyson, and allow
Vice in a fairer name;

The *Purles* of youthful bloud and bowles,
Lust in the robes of love,
The idle talk of feav'rish souls
Sick with a scarf or glove;

Let it suffice my warmer days
Simper'd and shin'd on you;
Twist not my Cypresse with your Bays
Or Roses with my Yewgh.

Go, go, seek out some greener thing;
It snows and freezeth here;
Let Nightingales attend the spring;
Winter is all my year.

## SON-DAYES.

BRIGHT shadows of true Rest! some shoots of blisse;
Heaven once a week;
The next world's gladness prepossest in this;
A day to seek

Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages; Lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich,
And full redemption of the whole week's flight!

2.

The Pulleys unto headlong man; time's bower;
The narrow way;
Transplanted Paradise; God's walking houre;
The cool o'th' day!

The creature's *Jubile;* God's parle with dust;
Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh and flowres;
Angels descending; the Returns of Trust;
A Gleam of Glory after six-days-showres!

3.

The Churche's love-feasts; Time's Prerogative,
And Interest
Deducted from the whole; The combs, and hive,
And home of rest!

The milky way chalkt out with Suns, a clue
That guides through erring hours; and in full story
A taste of Heav'n on earth; the pledge and cue
Of a full feast; and the out-courts of glory!

## REPENTANCE.

LORD, since thou didst in this vile clay
That sacred ray,
Thy Spirit, plant, quickning the whole
With that one grain's infused wealth,
My forward flesh crept on, and subtly stole
Both growth and power; checking the health
And heat of thine. That little gate
And narrow way, by which to thee
The passage is, He term'd a grate
And entrance to Captivitie:
Thy Laws but nets, where some small birds,
And those but seldome too, were caught,
Thy Promises but empty words
Which none but children heard, or taught.
This I believed: and though a friend
Came oft from far, and whisper'd, *No;*
Yet, that not sorting to my end,
I wholy listen'd to my foe.
Wherefore, pierc'd through with grief, my sad,
Seduced soul sighs up to thee;
To thee, who with true light art clad,
And seest all things just as they be.

Look from thy throne upon this roll
Of heavy sins, my high transgressions,
Which I confesse with all my soul;
My God, accept of my confession!
It was last day,
Touch'd with the guilt of my own way,
I sate alone, and taking up
The bitter cup,
Through all thy fair and various store,
Sought out what might outvie my score.
The blades of grasse thy creatures feeding;
The trees, their leafs; the flowres, their seeding;
The dust, of which I am a part;
The stones much softer than my heart;
The drops of rain, the sighs of wind,
The stars, to which I am stark blind;
The dew thy herbs drink up by night,
The beams they warm them at i'th' light;
All that have signature or life
I summon'd to decide this strife;
And lest I should lack for arrears,
A spring ran by, I told her tears;
But when these came unto the scale,
My sins alone outweigh'd them all.
O my dear God! my life, my love!
Most blessed Lamb! and mildest Dove!
Forgive your penitent offender,
And no more his sins remember;
Scatter these shades of death, and give
Light to my soul, that it may live;
Cut me not off for my transgressions,
Wilful rebellions, and suppressions;

But give them in those streams a part
Whose spring is in my Saviour's heart.
Lord, I confesse the heynous score,
And pray, I may do so no more;
Though then all sinners I exceed;
O think on this; *Thy Son did bleed!*
O call to mind his Wounds, his Woes,
His Agony, and Bloudie Throes;
Then look on all that thou hast made,
And mark how they do fail, and fade;
The heavens themselves, though fair and bright,
Are dark and unclean in thy sight;
How then, with thee, can man be holy,
Who doest thine Angels charge with folly?
O what am I, that I should breed
Figs on a thorne, flowres on a weed?
I am the gourd of sin and sorrow,
Growing o'er night, and gone to morrow,
In all this *Round* of life and death
Nothing's more vile than is my breath;
Profanenes on my tongue doth rest,
Defects and darkness in my brest;
Pollutions all my body wed,
And even my soul to thee is dead;
Only in him, on whom I feast,
Both soul and body are well drest;
His pure perfection quits all score,
And fills the boxes of his poor;
He is the Center of long life and light;
I am but finite, He is Infinite.
O let thy *Justice* then in him confine;
And through his merits make thy mercy mine!

## THE BURIAL OF AN INFANT.

BLEST Infant Bud, whose Blossome-life
Did only look about, and fall,
Wearyed out in a harmless strife
Of tears, and milk, the food of all!

Sweetly didst thou expire: thy soul
Flew home unstain'd by his new kin;
For ere thou knew'st how to be foul,
Death *wean'd* thee from the world and sin.

Softly rest all thy Virgin-Crums!
Lapt in the sweets of thy young breath,
Expecting till thy Saviour comes
To dresse them, and unswadle death.

## FAITH.

BRIGHT and blest beame! whose strong projection,
Equall to all,
Reacheth as well things of dejection,
As th' high and tall;
How hath my God by raying thee
Inlarg'd his spouse,

And of a private familie
Made open house!
All may be now co-heirs; no noise
Of *Bond* or *Free*
Can interdict us from those Joys
That wait on thee.
The Law and Ceremonies made
A glorious night,
Where stars, and clouds, both light and shade,
Had equal right;
But, as in nature, when the day
Breaks, night adjourns,
Stars shut up shop, mists pack away,
And the moon mourns;
So, when the Sun of Righteousness
Did once appear,
That scene was chang'd, and a new dresse
Left for us here;
Veiles became useles, Altars fell,
Fires smoking die;
And all that sacred pomp, and shell
Of things did flie.
Then did He shine forth, whose sad fall,
And bitter fights
Were figur'd in those mystical,
And cloudie Rites;
And as i'th' natural Sun, these three
*Light, motion, heat,*
So are now *Faith, Hope, Charity*
Through him Compleat;
Faith spans up blisse; what sin and death
Puts us quite from,
Lest we should run for't out of breath,

Faith brings us home;
So that I need no more, but say
*I do believe*,
And my most loving Lord straitway
Doth answer, *Live!*

## THE DAWNING.

AH! what time wilt thou come? when shall that crie
The *Bridegroome's comming!* fill the sky?
Shall it in the evening run
When our words and works are done?
Or will thy all-surprizing light
Break at midnight,
When either sleep, or some dark pleasure
Possesseth mad man without measure?
Or shall these early, fragrant hours
Unlock thy bowres?
And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crown'd with eternitie?
Indeed, it is the only time
That with thy glory doth best chime;
All now are stirring, ev'ry field
Full hymns doth yield;
The whole Creation shakes off night,
And for thy shadow looks the light;
Stars now vanish without number,
Sleepie planets set and slumber,

The pursie clouds disband and scatter,
All expect some sudden matter;
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
That morning-star.

O at what time soever thou,
Unknown to us, the heavens wilt bow,
And, with thy Angels in the van,
Descend to judge poor careless man,
Grant, I may not like puddle lie
In a corrupt securitie,
Where, if a traveller water crave
He finds it dead, and in a grave.
But as this restless, vocal spring
All day and night doth run, and sing,
And though here born, yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted;
So let me all my busie age
In thy free services ingage;
And though (while here) of force I must
Have commerce somtimes with poor dust,
And in my flesh, though vile and low,
As this doth in her channel flow,
Yet let my course, my aym, my love,
And chief acquaintance be above;
So when that day and hour shall come,
In which thy self will be the Sun,
Thou'lt find me drest and on my way,
Watching the break of thy great day.

## ADMISSION.

HOW shrill are silent tears? When sin
got head
And all my bowels turn'd
To brasse and iron, when my stock
lay dead,
And all my powers mourn'd;
Then did these drops, (for marble sweats,
And rocks have tears,)
As rain here at our windows beats,
Chide in thine ears.

2.

No quiet couldst thou have: nor didst thou
wink,
And let thy begger lie,
But ere my eies could overflow their brink
Didst to each drop reply.
Bowels of Love! at what low rate,
And slight a price
Dost thou relieve us at thy gate,
And still our cries!

3.

Wee are thy infants, and suck thee; if thou
But hide, or turn thy face,
Because where thou art yet we cannot go,
We send tears to the place.

These find thee out, and, though our sins
Drove thee away,
Yet with thy love that absence wins
Us double pay.

4.

O give me then a thankful heart! a heart
After thy own, not mine;
So after thine, that all and ev'ry part
Of mine may wait on thine;
O hear! yet not my tears alone,
Hear now a floud,
A floud that drowns both tears and grones;
My Saviour's bloud.

## PRAISE.

KING of Comforts! King of life!
Thou hast cheer'd me;
And when fears and doubts were rife,
Thou hath cleer'd me!

Not a nook in all my breast
But thou fill'st it;
Not a thought, that breaks my rest,
But thou kill'st it;

Wherefore with my utmost strength
I will praise thee,

And as thou giv'st line and length
I will raise thee;

Day and night, not once a day,
I will blesse thee;
And my soul in new array
I will dresse thee;

Not one minute in the year
But I'll mind thee;
As my seal and bracelet here
I will bind thee;

In thy word, as if in heaven,
I will rest me;
And thy promise 'till made even
There shall feast me.

Then thy sayings all my life
There shall please me,
And thy bloudy wounds and strife,
They will ease me;

With thy grones my daily breath
I will measure,
And my life hid in thy death
I will treasure.

Though then thou art
Past thought of heart
All perfect fulness,
And canst no whit

Accesse admit
From dust and dulness;

Yet to thy name,
As not the same
With thy bright Essence,
Our foul, clay hands
At thy commands
Bring praise and incense;

If then, dread Lord,
When to thy board
Thy wretch comes begging,
He hath a flowre,
Or, to his pow'r,
Some such poor Off'ring;

When thou hast made
Thy begger glad,
And fill'd his bosome,
Let him, though poor,
Strow at thy door
That one poor blossome.

## DRESSING.

THOU that lovest a pure and whiten'd soul!
That feedst among the Lillies, 'till the day

Break, and the shadows flee! touch with one coal
My frozen heart! and with thy secret key

Open my desolate rooms; my gloomie brest
With thy cleer fire refine, burning to dust
These dark confusions that within me nest,
And soyl thy Temple with a sinful rust.

Thou holy, harmless, undefil'd High-priest!
The perfect, full oblation for all sin,
Whose glorious conquest nothing can resist,
But even in babes doest triumph still and win;

Give to thy wretched one
Thy mysticall Communion,
That, absent, he may see,
Live, die, and rise with thee;
Let him so follow here, that in the end
He may take thee, as thou dost him intend.

Give him thy private seal,
Earnest, and sign. Thy gifts so deal
That these forerunners here
May make the future cleer.
Whatever thou dost bid let faith make good,
Bread for thy body, and Wine for thy blood.

Give him, with pitty, love,
Two flowres that grew with thee above;
Love that shall not admit
Anger for one short fit;
And pitty of such a divine extent,
That may thy members more than mine, resent.

Give me, my God! thy grace,
The beams and brightness of thy face;
That never like a beast
I take thy sacred feast,
Or the dread mysteries of thy blest bloud
Use, with like custome, as my kitchin food.

Some sit to thee, and eat
Thy body as their common meat;
O let not me do so!
Poor dust should ly still low;
Then kneel, my soul, and body, kneel, and bow;
If Saints and Angels fall down, much more thou.

## EASTER-DAY.

THOU, whose sad heart and weeping head lyes low,
Whose cloudy brest cold damps invade,
Who never feel'st the sun, nor smooth'st thy brow,
But sitt'st oppressed in the shade,
Awake! awake!
And in his Resurrection partake,
Who on this day, that thou might'st rise as He,
Rose up, and cancell'd two deaths due to thee.

Awake! awake! and, like the Sun, disperse
All mists that would usurp this day;
Where are thy Palmes, thy branches, and thy verse?
*Hosanna!* heark! why doest thou stay?
Arise! arise!
And with his healing bloud anoint thine eyes,
Thy inward eyes; his bloud will cure thy mind,
Whose spittle only could restore the blind.

## EASTER HYMN.

DEATH and darkness get you packing,
Nothing now to man is lacking;
All your triumphs now are ended,
And what *Adam* marr'd is mended;
Graves are beds now for the weary,
Death a nap, to wake more merry;
Youth now, full of pious duty,
Seeks in thee for perfect beauty;
The weak and aged, tir'd with length
Of daies, from thee look for new strength;
And infants with thy pangs contest
As pleasant, as if with the brest.
Then, unto Him, who thus hath thrown
Even to contempt thy kingdome down,
And by His blood did us advance
Unto His own Inheritance,
To Him be glory, power, praise,
From this, unto the last of daies!

## THE HOLY COMMUNION.

WELCOME sweet, and sacred feast! welcome life!
Dead I was, and deep in trouble;
But grace and blessings came with thee so rife,
That they have quicken'd even drie stubble.
Thus soules their bodies animate,
And thus at first when things were rude,
Dark, void, and crude,
They by thy Word their beauty had and date;
All were by thee,
And still must be;
Nothing that is, or lives,
But hath his quicknings, and reprieves,
As thy hand opes or shuts;
Healings, and cuts,
Darkness and day-light, life and death
Are but meer leaves turn'd by thy breath.
Spirits without thee die,
And blackness sits
On the divinest wits,
As on the Sun ecclipses lie.
But that great darkness at thy death,
When the veyl broke with thy last breath,
Did make us see
The way to thee;
And now by these sure, sacred ties,
After thy blood,

Our sov'rain good,
Had clear'd our eies,
And given us sight;
Thou dost unto thy self betroth
Our souls and bodies both,
In everlasting light.

Was't not enough that thou hadst payd the price,
And given us eies
When we had none, but thou must also take
Us by the hand,
And keep us still awake,
When we would sleep,
Or from thee creep,
Who without thee cannot stand?

Was't not enough to lose thy breath
And blood by an accursed death,
But thou must also leave
To us, that did bereave
Thee of them both, these seals, the means
That should both cleanse
And keep us so,
Who wrought thy wo?
O rose of *Sharon!* O the Lilly
Of the valley!
How art thou now, thy flock to keep,
Become both *food*, and *Shepheard* to thy sheep!

## PSALM 121.

P to those bright and gladsome hills,
Whence flowes my weal and mirth,
I look, and sigh for Him, who fills
Unseen both heaven and earth.

He is alone my help and hope,
That I shall not be moved;
His watchful eye is ever ope,
And guardeth his beloved;

The glorious God is my sole stay,
He is my sun and shade;
The cold by night, the heat by day;
Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me from the spite of foes;
Doth all their plots controul;
And is a shield, not reckoning those,
Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad, amidst the crowd,
Or else within my door,
He is my pillar and my cloud,
Now and for evermore.

## AFFLICTION.

PEACE, peace. It is not so. Thou doest miscall
Thy physick; pills that change
Thy sick Accessions into setled health:
This is the great *Elixir* that turns gall
To wine and sweetness, poverty to wealth,
And brings man home, when he doth range.
Did not He, who ordain'd the day,
Ordain night too?
And in the greater world display
What in the lesser He would do?
All flesh is clay, thou know'st; and but that God
Doth use his rod,
And by a fruitfull change of frosts and showres
Cherish and bind thy pow'rs,
Thou wouldst to weeds and thistles quite disperse,
And be more wild than is thy verse.
Sickness is wholsome, and crosses are but curbs
To check the mule, unruly man;
They are heaven's husbandry, the famous fan,
Purging the floor which chaff disturbs.
Were all the year one constant Sun-shine, wee
Should have no flowres;
All would be drought and leanness; not a tree
Would make us bowres.

Beauty consists in colours: and that's best
Which is not dim, but dies and dowes.
The serried Bed is dull, and whose thin rest
Something of sickness would disclose.
Wussande plaies all the game;
Nothing that shines,
Or hath a name.
But write upon this wheel:
Kingdomes too have their physick, and for weal
Exchange their peace and furs.
Thus doth God key disorder'd man,
Which none else can;
Turning his brest to rise or fall;
And by a sacred, restful art,
Like springs, stretch or ly part
Making the whole most musicall.

## THE TEMPEST.

OW is man parcell'd out! how every hour
Shews him himself, or something he should see
This lace, long lent may his instruction be;
And tempests have more in them than a showr.

*When winter on her bosome sun*
*Her Infants fix.*
*And all her flowres under a storm,*
*Her breast powrs dry;*

*She made the Earth, their nurse & tomb.*
*Sigh to the sky.*
*'Till at those sighs, fresh'd from her womb,*
*Trees did reply:*
*So in the midst of all her fears*
*And timid requests,*
*Her earnest sighes procur'd her tears*
*And fill'd her breasts.*

O that man could do so! that he would hear
The world read to him! all the vast expence
In the Creation shed and shar'd to sense,
Makes up but lectures for his ear and ear.

Sure Mighty Love, foreseeing the descent
Of this poor creature, by a gracious art
Hid in these low things stairs to gain his heart,
And layd surprises in each element.

All things here shew him heaven: *waters* that fall
Chide and dy up: *mists* of corruptest dunn
Quit their first beds and mount: trees, herbs, flowres, all
Strive upwards still, and point him the way home.

How do they cast off grossness? only Man
And *Man* (like *Issachar*) in lodes delights.

Water's refin'd to *Motion*, Aire to *Light*,
Fire to all [1] three, but man hath no such mirth.

*Plants* in the root with Earth do most comply,
Their *Leafs* with water and humiditie,
The *Flowres* to air draw neer and subtiltie,
And *Seeds* a kinred fire have with the sky.

All have their keyes and set ascents; but man
Though he knows these, and hath more of his own,
Sleeps at the ladder's foot; alas! what can
These new discoveries do, except they drown?

Thus, groveling in the shade and darkness, he
Sinks to a dead oblivion; and though all
He sees, like *Pyramids*, shoot from this ball,
And, less'ning still, grow up invisibly,

Yet hugs he still his durt; the *stuffe* he wears,
And painted trimming takes down both his eies;
Heaven hath less beauty than the dust he spies,
And money better musick than the *Spheres*.

Life's but a blast; he knows it; what? shall straw
And bul-rush-fetters temper his short hour?

[1] *Light*, *Motion*, *Heat*.

Must he nor sip nor sing? grows ne'r a
flowr
To crown his temples? shall dreams be his law?

O foolish man! how hast thou lost thy sight?
How is it that the Sun to thee alone
Is grown thick darkness, and thy bread a
stone?
Hath flesh no softness now? mid-day no light?

Lord! thou didst put a soul here. If I must
Be broke again, for flints will give no fire
Without a steel, O let thy power cleer
Thy gift once more, and grind this flint to dust!

## RETIREMENT.

WHO on yon throne of azure sits,
Keeping close house
Above the morning-starre,
Whose meaner showes
And outward utensils these glories are,
That shine and share
Part of his mansion; He one day,
When I went quite astray,
Out of meer love,
By his mild Dove,
Did shew me home, and put me in the way.

2.

Let it suffice at length thy fits
And lusts, said he,
Have had their wish and way;
Presse not to be
Still thy own foe and mine; for to this day
I did delay,
And would not see, but chose to wink;
Nay, at the very brink
And edge of all,
When thou wouldst fall,
My *love-twist* held thee up, my *unseen link*.

3.

I know thee well; for I have fram'd,
And hate thee not;
Thy spirit too is mine;
I know thy lot,
Extent, and end, for my hands drew the line
Assigned thine;
If then thou would'st unto my seat,
'Tis not th' applause and feat
Of dust and clay
Leads to that way,
But from those follies a resolv'd Retreat.

4.

Now here below, where yet untam'd
Thou doest thus rove,
I have a house, as well
As there above;
In it my *Name* and *Honour* both do dwell;

And shall untill
I make all new; there nothing['s] gay
In perfumes or array;
Dust lies with dust,
And hath but just
The same respect and room with ev'ry clay.

5.

A faithfull school, where thou maist see,
In heraldrie
Of stones and speechless earth,
Thy true descent;
Where dead men preach, who can turn feasts and mirth
To funerals and *Lent*.
There dust, that out of doors might fill
Thy eies, and blind thee still,
Is fast asleep.
Up then, and keep
Within those doors, my doors. Dost hear? *I will*.

## LOVE, AND DISCIPLINE.

SINCE in a land not barren still,
Because thou dost thy grace distill,
My lot is faln, blest be thy will!

And since these biting frosts but kill
Some tares in me which choke or spill
That seed thou sow'st, blest be thy skill!

Blest be thy dew, and blest thy frost,
And happy I to be so crost,
And cur'd by crosses at thy cost.

The dew doth cheer what is distrest,
The frosts ill weeds nip and molest,
In both thou work'st unto the best.

Thus while thy sev'rall mercies plot,
And work on me, now cold now hot,
The work goes on, and slacketh not;

For as thy hand the weather steers,
So thrive I best 'twixt joyes and tears,
And all the year have some grean ears.

## THE PILGRIMAGE.

AS travellours when the twilight's come,
And in the sky the stars appear,
The past daies accidents do summe
With, *Thus wee saw there, and thus here.*

Then, Jacob-like, lodge in a place,
(A place, and no more, is set down,)
Where till the day restore the race
They rest and dream homes of their own.

So for this night I linger here,
And, full of tossings to and fro,
Expect still when thou wilt appear,
That I may get me up, and go.

I long, and grone, and grieve for thee,
For thee my words, my tears do gush;
*O that I were but where I see!*
Is all the note within my bush.

As birds robb'd of their native wood,
Although their diet may be fine,
Yet neither sing, nor like their food,
But with the thought of home do pine;

So do I mourn, and hang my head;
And though thou dost me fulnes give,
Yet look I for far better bread,
Because by this man cannot live.

O feed me then! and since I may
Have yet more days, more nights to count,
So strengthen me, Lord, all the way,
That I may travel to thy Mount.

Heb. cap. 11. ver. 13.

*And they confessed, that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.*

## THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

LORD, when thou didst on *Sinai* pitch,
And shine from *Paran*, when a firie Law,
Pronounc'd with thunder, and thy threats, did thaw
Thy people's hearts, when all thy weeds were rich,
And inaccessible for light,
Terrour, and might;—
How did poor flesh, which after thou didst weare,
Then faint and fear!
Thy chosen flock, like leafs in a high wind,
Whisper'd obedience, and their heads inclin'd.

2.

But now since we to Sion came,
And through thy bloud thy glory see,
With filial confidence we touch ev'n thee;
And where the other Mount, all clad in flame
And threatning clouds, would not so much
As 'bide the touch,
We climb up this, and have too all the way
Thy hand our stay;
Nay, thou tak'st ours, and, which full comfort brings,
Thy Dove too bears us on her sacred wings.

3.

Yet since man is a very brute,
And, after all thy acts of grace, doth kick,
Slighting that health thou gav'st when he was sick,
Be not displeas'd, if I, who have a sute
To thee each houre, beg at thy door
For this one more;
O plant in me thy *Gospel*, and thy *Law*;
Both *Faith* and *Awe*;
So twist them in my heart, that ever there
I may as well as *Love*, find too thy *Fear*!

4.

Let me not spill, but drink thy bloud;
Not break thy fence, and by a black excess
Force down a just curse, when thy hands would bless;
Let me not scatter and despise my food,
Or nail those blessed limbs again
Which bore my pain.
So shall thy mercies flow: for while I fear,
I know thou'lt bear,
But should thy mild injunction nothing move me,
I would both think and judge I did not love thee.

**John, cap. 14. ver. 15.**

*If ye love me, keep my commandments.*

## THE WORLD.

SAW Eternity the other night,
Like a great *Ring* of pure and endless
light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days,
years,
Driv'n by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow mov'd, in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd.
The doting Lover in his queintest strain
Did there complain;
Neer him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's four delights;
With gloves, and knots the silly snares of
pleasure,
Yet his dear Treasure,
All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flowr.

2.

The darksome Statesman, hung with weights
and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, mov'd there so slow,
He did nor stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts (like sad Ecclipses) scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.

Yet digg'd the Mole, and, lest his ways be found,
Workt under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey. But one did see
That policie;
Churches and altars fed him; Perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rain'd about him bloud and tears; but he
Drank them as free.

3.

The fearfull miser on a heap of rust
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one peece above, but lives
In feare of theeves.
Thousands there were as frantick as himself,
And hugg'd each one his pelf;
The down-right epicure plac'd heav'n in sense,
And scorn'd pretence;
While others, slipt into a wide excesse,
Said little lesse;
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares inslave,
Who think them brave,
And poor, despised truth sate counting by
Their victory.

4.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soar'd up into the *Ring;*
But most would use no wing.

O fools, said I, thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shews the way,
The way, which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God,
A way where you might tread the Sun, and be
More bright than he!
But, as I did their madnes so discusse,
One whisper'd thus,
*This Ring the Bride-groome did for none provide,*
*But for his Bride.*

John [1st Ep.] cap. 2. ver. 16, 17.

*All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.*

*And the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof; but he that doth the will of God abideth for ever.*

## THE MUTINIE.

WEARY of this same clay and straw, I laid
Me down to breath, and casting in my heart
The after-burthens and griefs yet to come,
The heavy sum
So shook my brest, that, sick and sore dismai'd,

My thoughts, like water, which some stone doth
start,
Did quit their troubled channel, and retire
Unto the banks, where, storming at those
bounds,
They murmur'd sore; But I, who felt them
boyl
And knew their coyl,
Turning to him, who made poor sand to tire
And tame proud waves, If yet these barren
grounds
And thirstie brick must be, said I,
My taske and destinie,

2.

Let me so strive and struggle with thy foes,
(Not thine alone, but mine too,) that when all
Their arts and force are built unto the height,
That Babel-weight
May prove thy glory, and their shame; so close
And knit me to thee, that though in this vale
Of sin and death I sojourn, yet one eie
May look to Thee, to Thee the Finisher
And Author of my faith; so shew me home,
That all this foam
And frothie noise, which up and down doth flie,
May find no lodging in mine eie or eare;
O seal them up! that these may flie
Like other tempests by.

3.

Not but I know thou hast a shorter cut
To bring me home, than through a wildernes,

A sea, or sands and serpents; yet since thou,
As thy words show,
Though in this desart I were wholly shut,
Canst light and lead me there with such redress
That no decay shal touch me; O be pleas'd
To fix my steps; and whatsoever path
Thy sacred and eternal will decreed
For thy bruis'd reed,
O give it full obedience, that so seiz'd
Of all I have, I may nor move thy wrath
Nor grieve thy *Dove*, but soft and mild
Both live and die thy Child.

Revel. cap. 2. ver. 17.

*To him that overcometh will I give to eate of the hidden* Manna; *and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it.*

## THE CONSTELLATION.

FAIR, ordered lights, whose motion without noise
Resembles those true joys,
Whose spring is on that hill where you do grow,
And we here taste sometimes below.

With what exact obedience do you move,
Now beneath, and now above!

And in your vast progressions overlook
The darkest night and closest nook!

Some nights I see you in the gladsome East,
Some others near the West,
And when I cannot see, yet do you shine,
And beat about your endles line.

Silence, and light, and watchfulnes with you
Attend and wind the clue;
No sleep nor sloth assailes you, but poor man
Still either sleeps, or slips his span.

He gropes beneath here, and with restless care,
First makes, then hugs a snare;
Adores dead dust, sets heart on corne and grass,
But seldom doth make heav'n his glass.

Musick and mirth, if there be musick here,
Take up and tune his year;
These things are kin to him, and must be had;
Who kneels, or sighs a life, is mad.

Perhaps some nights he'll watch with you, and peep
When it were best to sleep;
Dares know effects, and judge them long before,
When th' herb he treads knows much, much more.

But seeks he your *Obedience*, *Order*, *Light*,
Your calm and wel-train'd flight?
Where, though the glory differ in each star,
Yet is there peace still and no war.

Since plac'd by Him, who calls you by your
names,
And fixt there all your flames,
Without command you never acted ought,
And then you in your courses fought.

But here, commission'd by a black self-will,
The sons the father kill,
The children chase the mother, and would heal
The wounds they give by crying zeale.

Then cast her bloud and tears upon thy book,
Where they for fashion look;
And, like that Lamb, which had the Dragon's
voice,
Seem mild, but are known by their noise.

Thus by our lusts disorder'd into wars
Our guides prove wandring stars,
Which for these mists and black days were
reserv'd,
What time we from our first love swerv'd.

Yet O, for his sake who sits now by thee
All crown'd with victory,
So guide us through this darknes, that we may
Be more and more in love with day!

Settle and fix our hearts, that we may move
In order, peace, and love;
And, taught obedience by thy whole creation,
Become an humble, holy nation!

Give to thy spouse her perfect and pure dress,
*Beauty* and *holiness;*
And so repair these rents, that men may see
And say, *Where God is, all agree.*

## THE SHEPHEARDS.

WEET, harmless lives! on whose holy leisure
Waits Innocence and Pleasure,
Whose leaders to those pastures and cleer springs
Were Patriarchs, Saints, and Kings;
How happend it that in the dead of night
You only saw true light,
While *Palestine* was fast asleep, and lay
Without one thought of day?
Was it because those first and blessed swains
Were pilgrims on those plains,
When they receiv'd the promise, for which now
'Twas there first shown to you?
'Tis true, he loves that dust whereon they go
That serve him here below,
And therefore might for memory of those
His love there first disclose;
But wretched *Salem* once his love, must now
No voice nor vision know,
Her stately piles with all their height and pride
Now languished and died,
And *Bethlem's* humble cotts above them stept,
While all her seers slept;

Her cedar, firr, hew'd stones, and gold were all
Polluted through their fall,
And those once sacred mansions were now
Meer emptiness and show.
This made the Angel call at reeds and thatch,
Yet where the shepheards watch,
And God's own lodging, though he could not lack,
To be a common *Rack;*
No costly pride, no soft-cloath'd luxurie,
In those thin cels could lie;
Each stirring wind and storm blew through their cots,
Which never harbour'd plots;
Only content, and love, and humble joys
Lived there without all noise;
Perhaps some harmless cares for the next day
Did in their bosomes play,
As where to lead their sheep, what silent nook,
What springs or shades to look;
But that was all; and now with gladsome care
They for the town prepare;
They leave their flock, and in a busie talk
All towards *Bethlem* walk
To see their soul's great Shepheard, who was come,
To bring all straglers home;
Where now they find him out, and, taught before,
That Lamb of God adore,
That Lamb whose daies great Kings and Prophets wish'd
And long'd to see, but miss'd.

The first light they beheld was bright and gay,
And turn'd their night to day;
But to this later light they saw in him,
Their day was dark and dim.

## MISERY.

LORD, bind me up, and let me lye
A Pris'ner to my libertie,
If such a state at all can be
As an impris'ment serving thee;
The wind, though gather'd in thy fist,
Yet doth it blow still where it list,
And yet shouldst thou let go thy hold
Those gusts might quarrel and grow bold.
As waters here, headlong and loose,
The lower grounds still chase and choose,
Where spreading all the way they seek
And search out every hole and creek;
So my spilt thoughts, winding from thee,
Take the down-rode to vanitie,
Where they all stray and strive, which shall
Find out the first and steepest fall.
I cheer their flow, giving supply
To what's already grown too high,
And having thus perform'd that part
Feed on those vomits of my heart.
I break the fence my own hands made,
Then lay that trespasse in the shade;
Some fig-leafs stil I do devise,
As if thou hadst nor ears nor eyes.

Excesse of friends, of words, and wine
Take up my day, while thou dost shine
All unregarded, and thy book
Hath not so much as one poor look.
If thou steal in amidst the mirth
And kindly tell me, *I am Earth*,
I shut thee out, and let that slip;
Such musick spoils good fellowship.
Thus wretched I, and most unkind,
Exclude my dear God from my mind,
Exclude him thence, who of that cell
Would make a court, should he there dwell.
He goes, He yields; and troubled sore
His Holy Spirit grieves therefore;
The mighty God, th' eternal King
Doth grieve for dust, and dust doth sing.
But I go on, haste to divest
My self of reason, till opprest
And buried in my surfeits I
Prove my own shame and miserie.
Next day I call and cry for thee
Who shouldst not then come neer to me;
But now it is thy servant's pleasure
Thou must, and dost, give him his measure.
Thou dost, thou com'st, and in a shower
Of healing sweets thy self dost powr
Into my wounds; and now thy grace
(I know it well,) fills all the place;
I sit with thee by this new light,
And for that hour thou'rt my delight;
No man can more the world despise,
Or thy great mercies better prize.
I school my eyes, and strictly dwell

Within the circle of my cell;
That calm and silence are my joys,
Which to thy peace are but meer noise.
At length I feel my head to ake,
My fingers itch, and burn to take
Some new imployment, I begin
To swell and foame and fret within.
" *The Age, the present times are not*
" *To snudge in, and embrace a cot;*
" *Action and bloud now get the game,*
" *Disdein treads on the peaceful name;*
" *Who sits at home too bears a loade*
" *Greater than those that gad abroad.*"
Thus do I make thy gifts giv'n me
The only quarrellers with thee;
I'd loose those knots thy hands did tie,
Then would go travel, fight, or die.
Thousands of wild and waste infusions
Like waves beat on my resolutions;
As flames about their fuel run,
And work and wind till all be done,
So my fierce soul bustles about,
And never rests till all be out.
Thus wilded by a peevish heart,
Which in thy musick bears no part,
I storm at thee, calling my peace
A Lethargy, and meer disease;
Nay those bright beams shot from thy eyes
To calm me in these mutinies,
I stile meer tempers, which take place
At some set times, but are thy grace.
Such is man's life, and such is mine,
The worst of men, and yet still thine,

Still thine, thou know'st, and if not so,
Then give me over to my foe.
Yet since as easie 'tis for thee
To make man good as bid him be,
And with one glaunce, could he that gain,
To look him out of all his pain,
O send me from thy holy hill
So much of strength, as may fulfil
All thy delights, whate'er they be,
And sacred institutes in me!
Open my rockie heart, and fill
It with obedience to thy will;
Then seal it up, that as none see,
So none may enter there but Thee.
O hear, my God! hear Him, whose bloud
Speaks more and better for my good!
O let my crie come to thy throne!
My crie not pour'd with tears alone,
(For tears alone are often foul,)
But with the bloud of all my soul;
With spirit-sighs, and earnest grones,
Faithful and most repenting mones,
With these I crie, and crying pine,
Till thou both mend, and make me thine.

## THE SAP.

COME, sapless blossom, creep not still on earth
Forgetting thy first birth!
'Tis not from dust; or if so, why dost thou

Thus call and thirst for dew?
It tends not thither; if it doth, why then
This growth and stretch for heav'n?
Thy root sucks but diseases; worms there seat,
And claim it for their meat.
Who plac'd thee here did something then infuse,
Which now can tell thee news.
There is beyond the stars an hill of myrrh,
From which some drops fall here;
On it the Prince of *Salem* sits, who deals
To thee thy secret meals;
There is thy country, and He is the way,
And hath withal the key.
Yet liv'd He here sometime, and bore for thee
A world of miserie,
For thee, who in the first man's loyns didst fall
From that hill to this vale;
And had not he so done, it is most true
Two deaths had been thy due;
But going hence, and knowing well what woes
Might his friends discompose,
To shew what strange love He had to our good,
He gave his sacred bloud,
By will our sap and cordial; now in this
Lies such a heav'n of bliss,
That who but truly tastes it, no decay
Can touch him any way.
Such secret life and vertue in it lies,
It will exalt, and rise,
And actuate such spirits as are shed,
Or ready to be dead;

And bring new too. Get then this sap, and get
Good store of it, but let
The vessel where you put it be for sure
To all your pow'r most pure;
There is at all times, though shut up, in you
A powerful, rare dew,
Which only grief and love extract; with this
Be sure, and never miss,
To wash your vessel well: Then humbly take
This balm for souls that ake;
And one who drank it thus assures that you
Shal find a joy so true,
Such perfect Ease, and such a lively sense
Of grace against all sins,
That you'll confess the comfort such, as even
Brings to, and comes from, Heaven.

## MOUNT OF OLIVES.

WHEN first I saw true beauty, and thy joys,
Active as light, and calm without all noise,
Shin'd on my soul, I felt through all my pow'rs
Such a rich air of sweets, as evening showrs
Fan'd by a gentle gale convey, and breathe
On some parch'd bank, crown'd with a flowrie wreath;
Odors, and myrrh, and balm in one rich floud
O'er-ran my heart, and spirited my bloud;

My thoughts did swim in comforts, and mine eie
Confest, *The world did only paint and lie.*
And where before I did no safe course steer,
But wander'd under tempests all the year;
Went bleak and bare in body as in mind,
And was blow'n through by every storm and wind,
I am so warm'd now by this glance on me,
That midst all storms I feel a ray of thee.
So have I known some beauteous *Paisage* rise
In suddain flowres and arbours to my eies,
And in the depth and dead of winter bring
To my cold thoughts a lively sense of spring.
Thus fed by thee, who dost all beings nourish,
My wither'd leafs again look green and flourish;
I shine and shelter underneath thy wing,
Where sick with love I strive thy name to sing;
Thy glorious name! which grant I may so do,
That these may be *thy Praise*, and *my Joy* too!

## MAN.

WEIGHING the stedfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful clocks the noiseless date

And intercourse of times divide,
Where bees at night get home and hive, and flowrs,
Early as well as late,
Rise with the sun, and set in the same bowrs;

2.

I would, said I, my God would give
The staidness of these things to man! for these
To His divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace;
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine,
The flowres without clothes live,
Yet *Solomon* was never drest so fine.

3.

Man hath still either toyes or care;
He hath no root, nor to one place is ty'd,
But ever restless and irregular
About this earth doth run and ride.
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where;
He sayes it is so far,
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

4.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams;
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have,
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes

By some hid sense their Maker gave;
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.

## ¶ [THE HIDDEN FLOWER.]

WALKT the other day, to spend my hour,
Into a field,
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
A gallant flowre;
But Winter now had ruffled all the bowre
And curious store
I knew there heretofore.

2.

Yet I, whose search lov'd not to peep and peer
I' th' face of things,
Thought with my self, there might be other springs
Besides this here,
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a year;
And so the flowre
Might have some other bowre.

3.

Then taking up what I could neerest spie,
I digg'd about
That place where I had seen him to grow out;
And by and by
I saw the warm Recluse alone to lie,
Where fresh and green
He lived of us unseen.

4.

Many a question intricate and rare
Did I there strow;
But all I could extort was, that he now
Did there repair
Such losses as befel him in this air,
And would ere long
Come forth most fair and young.

5.

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er his head;
And stung with fear
Of my own frailty dropt down many a tear
Upon his bed;
Then sighing whisper'd, *Happy are the dead!*
*What peace doth now*
*Rock him asleep below!*

6.

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs
From a poor root,

Which all the Winter sleeps here under foot,
And hath no wings
To raise it to the truth and light of things;
But is stil trod
By ev'ry wandring clod.

7.

O Thou! whose Spirit did at first inflame
And warm the dead,
And by a sacred incubation fed
With life this frame,
Which once had neither being, forme, nor name;
Grant I may so
Thy steps track here below,

8.

That in these masques and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way;
And by those hid ascents climb to that day,
Which breaks from Thee,
Who art in all things, though invisibly!
Shew me thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and ease!

9.

And from this care, where dreams and sorrows raign,
Lead me above,
Where Light, Joy, Leisure, and true comforts move

Without all pain;
There, hid in thee, shew me his life again,
At whose dumbe urn
Thus all the year I mourn!

## BEGGING.

ING of Mercy, King of Love,
In whom I live, in whom I move,
Perfect what thou hast begun,
Let no night put out this Sun.
Grant I may, my chief desire,
Long for thee, to thee aspire.
Let my youth, my bloom of dayes
Be my comfort, and thy praise;
That hereafter, when I look
O'er the sullyed, sinful book,
I may find thy hand therein
Wiping out my shame and sin.
O! it is thy only art
To reduce a stubborn heart;
And since thine is victorie,
Strongholds should belong to thee;
Lord, then take it, leave it not
Unto my dispose or lot;
But since I would not have it mine,
O my God, let it be thine!

Jude, ver. 24, 25.

*Now unto him that is able to keep us from fall-*

*ing, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.*

*To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory, and majesty, dominion and power, now and ever,* Amen.

[End of the First Part.]

# SILEX SCINTILLANS.

## [PART II.]

### ASCENSION-DAY.

LORD JESUS! with what sweetness
and delights,
Sure, holy hopes, high joys, and
quickning flights,
Dost thou feed thine! O thou!
the hand that lifts
To Him who gives all good and perfect gifts,
Thy glorious, bright Ascension, though remov'd
So many ages from me, is so prov'd
And by thy Spirit seal'd to me, that I
Feel me a sharer in thy victory!
I soar and rise
Up to the skies,
Leaving the world their day;
And in my flight
For the true light
Go seeking all the way;

I greet thy Sepulchre, salute thy Grave,
That blest inclosure, where the Angels gave
The first glad tidings of thy early light,
And resurrection from the earth and night.
I see that morning in thy Convert's [1] tears,
Fresh as the dew, which but this dawning wears.
I smell her spices; and her ointment yields,
As rich a scent as the now primros'd-fields.
The day-star smiles, and light with the deceast
Now shines in all the chambers of the East.
What stirs, what posting intercourse and mirth
Of Saints and Angels glorifie the earth!
What sighs, what whispers, busie stops and stays;
Private and holy talk fill all the ways!
They pass as at the last great day, and run
In their white robes to seek the risen Sun;
I see them, hear them, mark their haste, and move
Amongst them, with them, wing'd with faith and love.
Thy forty days more secret commerce here
After thy death and funeral, so clear
And indisputable, shews to my sight
As the Sun doth, which to those days gave light.
I walk the fields of *Bethany*, which shine
All now as fresh as *Eden*, and as fine.
Such was the bright world on the first seventh day,
Before man brought forth sin, and sin decay;

[1] *St Mary Magdalene.*

When like a Virgin clad in *flowers* and *green*
The pure earth sat, and the fair woods had seen
No frost, but flourish'd in that youthful vest,
With which their great Creator had them drest:
When Heav'n above them shin'd like molten glass,
While all the planets did unclouded pass;
And springs, like dissolv'd pearls, their streams did pour,
Ne'er marr'd with floods, nor angered with a showre.
With these fair thoughts I move in this fair place,
And the last steps of my milde Master trace.
I see Him leading out his chosen train
All sad with tears, which like warm summer rain
In silent drops steal from their holy eyes,
Fix'd lately on the Cross, now on the skies.
And now, eternal Jesus! thou dost heave
Thy blessed hands to bless those thou dost leave.
The cloud doth now receive thee, and their sight
Having lost thee, behold two men in white!
Two and no more: *what two attest, is true*,
Was thine own answer to the stubborn Jew.
Come then, thou faithful witness! come, dear Lord,
Upon the clouds again to judge this world!

## ASCENSION-HYMN.

DUST and clay,
Man's antient wear,
Here you must stay,
But I elsewhere!
Souls sojourn here, but may not rest;
Who will ascend must be undrest.

And yet some,
That know to die
Before death come,
Walk to the skie
Even in this life; but all such can
Leave behinde them the old Man.

If a star
Should leave the sphære,
She must first mar
Her flaming wear,
And after fall, for in her dress
Of glory, she cannot transgress.

Man of old
Within the line
Of *Eden* could
Like the Sun shine,
All naked, innocent, and bright,
And intimate with Heav'n, as light;

But since he
That brightness soil'd,
His garments be
All dark and spoil'd,
And here are left as nothing worth,
Till the Refiner's fire breaks forth.

Then comes He
Whose mighty light
Made his cloathes be
Like Heav'n, all bright;
The Fuller, whose pure blood did flow,
To make stain'd man more white than snow.

He alone
And none else can
Bring bone to bone
And rebuild man;
And by his all-subduing might
Make clay ascend more quick than light.

## ¶ [DEPARTED FRIENDS.]

THEY are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingring here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy brest
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the Sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Meer glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility!
High as the Heavens above;
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death; the Jewel of the Just!
Shining no where but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell[1] or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted theams,
And into glory peep.

[1] "Well" in original.—Ed.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lockt her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphære.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty!

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

## WHITE SUNDAY.

WELLCOME, white day! a thousand Suns,
Though seen at once, were black to thee!
For after their light darkness comes;
But thine shines to eternity.

Those flames, which on the Apostles rush'd
At this great feast, and in a tyre
Of cloven Tongues their heads all brush'd,
And crown'd them with prophetic fire,—

Can these new lights be like to those,
These lights of Serpents like the Dove?

Thou hadst no *gall*, ev'n for thy foes,
And thy two wings were *Grief* and *Love*.

Though then some boast that fire each day,
And on Christ's coat pin all their shreds;
Not sparing openly to say,
His candle shines upon their heads;

Yet while some rays of that great light
Shine here below within thy Book,
They never shall so blinde my sight
But I will know which way to look.

For though thou doest that great light lock,
And by this lesser commerce keep:
Yet by these glances of the flock
I can discern wolves from the sheep.

Not but that I have wishes too,
And pray, *These last may be as first,*
*Or better;* but thou, long ago,
Hast said, *These last should be the worst.*

Besides, thy method with thy own,
Thy own dear people, pens our times;
Our stories are in theirs set down,
And penalties spread to our crimes.

Again, if worst and worst implies
A State that no redress admits,
Then from thy Cross unto these days
The *rule* without *exception* fits.

And yet, as in night's gloomy page
One silent star may interline;
So in this last and lewdest age
Thy antient love on some may shine.

For though we hourly breathe decays,
And our best *note* and highest *ease*
Is but meer changing of the *keys*,
And a *consumption* that doth please;

Yet thou the great eternal Rock
Whose height above all ages shines,
Art still the same, and canst unlock
Thy waters to a soul that pines.

Since then thou art the same this day,
And ever as thou wert of old,
And nothing doth thy love allay,
But our heart's, dead and sinful cold;

As thou long since wert pleas'd to buy
Our drown'd estate, taking the Curse
Upon thy self, so to destroy
The knots we tyed upon thy purse,

So let thy grace now make the way
Even for thy love; for by that means
We, who are nothing but foul clay,
Shall be fine gold which thou didst cleanse.

O come! refine us with thy fire!
Refine us! we are at a loss.
Let not thy stars for *Balaam's* hire
Dissolve into the common dross!

## THE PROFFER.

BE still, black Parasites,
Flutter no more!
Were it still winter, as it was
before,
You'd make no flights;
But now the dew and sun have warm'd my
bowres,
You flie and flock to suck the flowers.

But you would honey make:
These buds will wither,
And what you now extract, in harder weather
Will serve to take;
Wise husband[s] will, you say, their wants
prevent,
Who do not so too late repent.

O poys'nous, subtile fowls!
The flyes of hell,
That buz in every ear, and blow on souls,
Until they smell,
And rot, descend not here, nor think to stay!
I've read, who 'twas drove you away.

Think you these longing eyes,
Though sick and spent,
And almost famish'd ever will consent
To leave those skies,

That glass of souls and spirits, where well drest
They shine in white, like stars, and rest.

Shall my short hour, my inch,
My one poor sand,
And crum of life now ready to disband,
Revolt and flinch;
And having born the burthen all the day,
Now cast at night my Crown away?

No, No; I am not he;
Go seek elsewhere!
I skill not your fine tinsel, and false hair,
Your sorcery,
And smooth seducements: I'le not stuff my story
With your Commonwealth and glory.

There are that will sow tares
And scatter death
Amongst the quick, selling their souls and breath
For any wares;
But when thy Master comes, they'll finde and see,
There's a reward for them and thee.

Then keep the antient way!
Spit out their phlegm,
And fill thy brest with home; think on thy dream:
A calm bright day!
A land of flowers and spices! the word given.
*If these be fair, O what is Heaven!*

## COCK-CROWING.

FATHER of lights! what sunnie seed,
What glance of day hast thou confin'd
Into this bird? To all the breed
This busie ray thou hast assign'd;
Their magnetisme works all night,
And dreams of Paradise and light.

Their eyes watch for the morning-hue,
Their little grain expelling night
So shines and sings, as if it knew
The path unto the house of light.
It seems their candle, howe'r done,
Was tinn'd and lighted at the sunne.

If such a tincture, such a touch,
So firm a longing can impowre,
Shall thy own image think it much
To watch for thy appearing hour?
If a meer blast so fill the sail,
Shall not the breath of God prevail?

O thou immortall light and heat!
Whose hand so shines through all this frame,
That by the beauty of the seat,
We plainly see who made the same.
Seeing thy seed abides in me,
Dwell thou in it, and I in thee!

To sleep without thee is to die;
Yea, 'tis a death partakes of hell:
For where thou dost not close the eye
It never opens, I can tell.
In such a dark, Ægyptian border,
The shades of death dwell and disorder.

If joyes, and hopes, and earnest throes,
And hearts, whose Pulse beats still for light,
Are given to birds; who, but thee, knows
A love-sick soul's exalted flight?
Can souls be track'd by any eye
But his, who gave them wings to flie?

Onely this veyle which thou hast broke,
And must be broken yet in me,
This veyle, I say, is all the cloke,
And cloud which shadows thee from me.
This veyle thy full-ey'd love denies,
And onely gleams and fractions spies.

O take it off! make no delay;
But brush me with thy light, that I
May shine unto a perfect day,
And warme me at thy glorious Eye!
O take it off! or till it flee,
Though with no lilie, stay with me!

## THE STARRE.

WHAT ever 'tis, whose beauty here below
Attracts thee thus, and makes thee stream and flow,
And wind and curle, and wink and smile,
Shifting thy gate and guile,

Though thy close commerce nought at all imbarrs
My present search, for eagles eye not starrs;
And still the lesser by the best
And highest good is blest;

Yet, seeing all things that subsist and be
Have their commissions from Divinitie,
And teach us duty, I will see
What man may learn from thee.

First, I am sure, the Subject so respected
Is well-disposed; for bodies, once infected,
Deprav'd, or dead, can have with thee
No hold, nor sympathie.

Next, there's in it a restless, pure desire
And longing for thy bright and vitall fire,
Desire that never will be quench'd,
Nor can be writh'd nor wrench'd.

These are the magnets, which so strongly move
And work all night upon thy light and love;
As beauteous shapes, we know not why,
Command and guide the eye.

For where desire, celestiall, pure desire,
Hath taken root, and grows, and doth not tire,
There God a commerce states, and sheds
His secret on their heads.

This is the heart he craves; and whoso will
But give it him, and grudge not, he shall feel
That God is true, as herbs unseen
Put on their youth and green.

## THE PALM-TREE.

DEARE friend, sit down, and bear awhile this shade,
As I have yours long since. This plant, you see
So prest and bow'd, before sin did degrade
Both you and it, had equall liberty

With other trees; but now shut from the breath
And air of *Eden*, like a male-content
It thrives no where. This makes these weights, like death
And sin, hang at him; for the more he's bent

The more he grows. Celestial natures still
Aspire for home. This *Solomon* of old
By flowers and carvings and mysterious skill
Of Wings, and Cherubims, and Palms foretold.

This is the life which, hid above with Christ
In God, doth always (hidden) multiply,
And spring, and grow, a tree ne'r to be priced,[1]
A tree, whose fruit is immortality.

Here spirits that have run their race, and
fought,
And won the fight, and have not fear'd the
frowns
Nor lov'd the smiles of greatness, but have
wrought
Their Master's will, meet to receive their
Crowns.

Here is the patience of the saints: this tree
Is water'd by their tears, as flowers are fed
With dew by night; but One you cannot see
Sits here, and numbers all the tears they shed.

Here is their faith too, which if you will keep
When we two part, I will a journey make
To pluck a garland hence while you do sleep,
And weave it for your head against you wake.

[1] "Prick'd" in original edition.—Ed.

## JOY.

BE dumb, coarse measures; jar no more; to me
There is no discord but your harmony,
False, jugling sounds; a grone well drest, where care
Moves in disguise, and sighs afflict the air.
Sorrows in white; griefs tun'd; a sugerd dosis
Of wormwood, and a death's-head crown'd with roses.
He weighs not your forc'd accents, who can have
A lesson plaid him by a winde or wave.
Such numbers tell their days, whose spirits be
Lull'd by those charmers to a lethargy.
But as for thee, whose faults long since require
More eyes than stars; whose breath, could it aspire
To equal winds, would prove too short: Thou hast
Another mirth, a mirth, though overcast
With clouds and rain, yet full as calm and fine
As those clear heights which above tempests shine.

Therefore while the various showers
Kill and cure the tender flowers,
While the winds refresh the year
Now with clouds, now making clear,
Be sure under pains of death
To ply both thine eyes and breath.

As leafs in bowers
Whisper their hours,
And hermit-wells
Drop in their cells:
So in sighs and unseen tears
Pass thy solitary years,
And going hence leave written on some tree,
*Sighs make joy sure, and shaking fastens thee.*

## THE FAVOUR.

THY bright looks! thy glance of love
Shown, and but shown, me from above!
Rare looks! that can dispense such joy
As without wooing wins the coy,
And makes him mourn, and pine, and dye,
Like a starv'd eaglet, for thine eye.
Some kinde herbs here, though low and far,
Watch for and know their loving star.
O let no star compare with thee!
Nor any herb out-duty me!
So shall my nights and mornings be
Thy time to shine, and mine to see.

## THE GARLAND.

THOU, who dost flow and flourish
here below,
To whom a falling star and nine
dayes' glory,
Or some frail beauty makes the bravest shew,
Hark, and make use of this ensuing story.

When first my youthfull, sinfull age
Grew master of my wayes,
Appointing errour for my page,
And darknesse for my dayes;
I flung away, and with full crie
Of wild affections, rid
In post for pleasures, bent to trie
All gamesters that would bid.
I played with fire, did counsell spurn,
Made life my common stake;
But never thought that fire would burn,
Or that a soul could ake.
Glorious deceptions, gilded mists,
False joyes, phantastick flights,
Peeces of sackcloth with silk lists,
These were my prime delights.
I sought choice bowres, haunted the spring,
Cull'd flowres and made me posies;
Gave my fond humours their full wing,
And crown'd my head with roses.
But at the height of this careire
I met with a dead man,

Who, noting well my vain abear,
Thus unto me began:
Desist, fond fool, be not undone;
What thou hast cut to day
Will fade at night, and with this fun
Quite vanish and decay.

*Flowres gather'd in this world, die here; if thou*
*Wouldst have a wreath that fades not, let them grow,*
*And grow for thee. Who spares them here, shall find*
*A garland, where comes neither rain, nor wind.*

## LOVE-SICK.

ESUS, my life! how shall I truly love thee?
O that thy Spirit would so strongly move me:
That thou wert pleas'd to shed thy grace so farr
As to make man all pure love, flesh a star!
A star that would ne'r set, but ever rise,
So rise and run, as to out-run these skies,
These narrow skies (narrow to me) that barre,
So barre me in, that I am still at warre,
At constant warre with them. O come, and rend
Or bow the heavens! Lord, bow them and descend,

And at thy presence make these mountains flow,
These mountains of cold ice in me! Thou art
Refining fire, O then refine my heart,
My foul, foul heart! Thou art immortall heat;
Heat motion gives; then warm it, till it beat;
So beat for thee, till thou in mercy hear;
So hear, that thou must open; open to
A sinfull wretch, a wretch that caus'd thy woe;
Thy woe, who caus'd his weal; so far his weal
That thou forgott'st thine own, for thou didst seal
Mine with thy blood, thy blood which makes thee mine,
Mine ever, ever; and me ever thine.

## TRINITY-SUNDAY.

HOLY, blessed, glorious three,
Eternall witnesses that be
In heaven, One God in Trinitie!

As here on earth, when men with-stood
The Spirit, Water and the Blood
Made my Lord's Incarnation good:

So let the anty-types in me
Elected, bought, and seal'd for free,
Be own'd, sav'd, sainted by you three!

## PSALME 104.

UP, O my soul, and blesse the Lord!
O God,
My God, how great, how very great
art thou!
Honour and majesty have their abode
With thee, and crown thy brow.

Thou cloath'st thy self with light, as with a
robe,
And the high, glorious heav'ns thy mighty
hand
Doth spread like curtains round about this
globe
Of air, and sea, and land.

The beams of thy bright chambers thou dost
lay
In the deep waters, which no eye can find;
The clouds thy chariots are, and thy path-way
The wings of the swift wind.

In thy celestiall, gladsome messages
Dispatch'd to holy souls, sick with desire
And love of thee, each willing angel is
Thy minister in fire.

Thy arm unmoveable for ever laid
And founded the firm earth; then with the deep
As with a vail thou hidst it; thy floods plaid
Above the mountains steep.

At thy rebuke they fled, at the known voice
Of their Lord's thunder they retir'd apace:
Some up the mountains past by secret ways,
Some downwards to their place.

For thou to them a bound hast set, a bound,
Which, though but sand, keeps in and curbs whole seas:
There all their fury, foame, and hideous sound,
Must languish and decrease

And as thy care bounds these, so thy rich love
Doth broach the earth; and lesser brooks lets forth,
Which run from hills to valleys, and improve
Their pleasure and their worth.

These to the beasts of every field give drink;
There the wilde asses swallow the cool spring:
And birds amongst the branches on their brink
Their dwellings have and sing.

Thou from thy upper springs above, from those
Chambers of rain, where Heav'n's large bottles lie,
Doest water the parch'd hills, whose breaches close,
Heal'd by the showers from high.

Grass for the cattel, and herbs for man's use
Thou mak'st to grow; these, blest by thee, the earth
Brings forth, with wine, oyl, bread: all which infuse
To man's heart strength and mirth.

Thou giv'st the trees their greenness, ev'n to those
Cedars in *Lebanon*, in whose thick boughs
The birds their nests build; though the stork doth choose
The fir-trees for her house.

To the wilde goats the high hills serve for folds,
The rocks give conies a retyring place:
Above them the cool moon her known course holds,
And the sun runs his race.

Thou makest darkness, and then comes the night;
In whose thick shades and silence each wilde beast
Creeps forth, and pinch'd for food, with scent and sight
Hunts in an eager quest.

The lyon's whelps impatient of delay
Roar in the covert of the woods, and seek
Their meat from thee, who doest appoint the prey,
And feed'st them all the week.

This past; the sun shines on the earth; and they
Retire into their dens; Man goes abroad
Unto his work, and at the close of day
Returns home with his load.

O Lord my God, how many and how rare
Are thy great works! In wisdom hast thou made
Them all; and this the earth, and every blade
Of grass we tread declare.

So doth the deep and wide sea, wherein are
Innumerable, creeping things, both small
And great: there ships go, and the shipmen's fear,
The comely, spacious whale.

These all upon thee wait, that thou maist feed
Them in due season: what thou giv'st they take;
Thy bounteous open hand helps them at need,
And plenteous meals they make.

When thou doest hide thy face (thy face which keeps
All things in being) they consume and mourn:
When thou with-draw'st their breath their vigour sleeps,
And they to dust return.

Thou send'st thy Spirit forth, and they revive,
The frozen earth's dead face thou dost renew.
Thus thou thy glory through the world doth drive,
And to thy works art true.

Thine eyes behold the earth, and the whole stage
Is mov'd and trembles, the hills melt and smoke
With thy least touch; lightnings and winds that rage
At thy rebuke are broke.

Therefore as long as thou wilt give me breath
I will in songs to thy great name imploy
That gift of thine, and to my day of death
Thou shalt be all my joy.

Ile spice my thoughts with thee, and from thy word
Gather true comforts; but the wicked liver
Shall be consum'd. O my soul, bless thy Lord!
Yea, bless thou him for ever!

## THE BIRD.

ITHER thou com'st. The busie wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
Rain'd on thy bed
And harmless head;

And now as fresh and chearful as the light
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
Unto that *Providence*, whose unseen arm
Curb'd them, and cloath'd thee well and warm.
All things that be praise Him; and had
Their lesson taught them when first made.

So hills and valleys into singing break;
And though poor stones have neither speech nor tongue,
While active winds and streams both run and speak,
Yet stones are deep in admiration.
Thus Praise and Prayer here beneath the sun
Make lesser mornings, when the great are done.

For each inclosed spirit is a star
Inlightning his own little sphære,
Whose light, though fetcht and borrowed from far,
Both mornings makes and evenings there.

But as these Birds of light make a land glad,
Chirping their solemn matins on each tree:
So in the shades of night some dark fowls be,
Whose heavy notes make all that hear them sad.

The turtle then in palm-trees mourns,
While owls and satyrs howl;
The pleasant land to brimstone turns,
And all her streams grow foul.

Brightness and mirth, and love and faith, all flye,
Till the day-spring breaks forth again from high.

## THE TIMBER.

SURE thou didst flourish once! and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers
Past ore thy head: many light hearts and wings,
Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies;
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies;
While the low violet thrives at their root.

But thou beneath the sad and heavy line
Of death doth waste all senseless, cold, and dark;
Where not so much as dreams of light may shine,
Nor any thought of greenness, leaf, or bark.

And yet, as if some deep hate and dissent,
Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and thee,
Were still alive, thou dost great storms resent,
Before they come, and know'st how near they be.

Else all at rest thou lyest, and the fierce breath
Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease;
But this thy strange resentment after death
Means onely those who broke in life thy peace.

So murthered man, when lovely life is done,
And his blood freez'd, keeps in the center still
Some secret sense, which makes the dead blood run
At his approach that did the body kill.

And is there any murth'rer worse than sin?
Or any storms more foul than a lewd life?
Or what resentient can work more within,
Than true remorse, when with past sins at strife?

He that hath left life's vain joys and vain care,
And truly hates to be detain'd on earth,
Hath got an house where many mansions are,
And keeps his soul unto eternal mirth.

But though thus dead unto the world, and ceas'd
From sin, he walks a narrow, private way;
Yet grief and old wounds make him sore displeas'd,
And all his life a rainy, weeping day.

For though he should forsake the world, and live
As meer a stranger, as men long since dead;
Yet joy itself will make a right soul grieve
To think, he should be so long vainly led.

But as shades set off light, so tears and grief,
Though of themselves but a sad blubber'd story,
By shewing the sin great, shew the relief
Far greater, and so speak my Saviour's glory.

If my way lies through deserts and wilde woods,
Where all the land with scorching heat is curst;

Better the pools should flow with rain and floods
To fill my bottle than I die with thirst.

Blest showers they are, and streams sent from above;
Begetting virgins where they use to flow;
The trees of life no other waters love,
These upper springs, and none else make them grow.

But these chaste fountains flow not till we dye.
Some drops may fall before; but a clear spring
And ever running, till we leave to fling
Dirt in her way, will keep above the skie.

Rom. cap. 6. ver. 7.

*He that is dead, is freed from sin.*

## THE JEWS.

WHEN the fair year
Of your Deliverer comes,
And that long frost which now benums
Your hearts shall thaw; when angels here
Shall yet to man appear,
And familiarly confer
Beneath the oke and juniper;

When the bright *Dove*,
Which now these many, many springs
Hath kept above,
Shall with spread wings
Descend, and living waters flow
To make drie dust, and dead trees grow;

O then that I
Might live, and see the olive bear
Her proper branches! which now lie
Scattered each where,
And, without root and sap, decay,
Cast by the husbandman away.
And sure it is not far!
For as your fast and foul decays,
Forerunning the bright morning star,
Did sadly note His healing rayes
Would shine elsewhere, since you were blind,
And would be cross, when God was kinde,—

So by all signs
Our fulness too is now come in;
And the same sun, which here declines
And sets, will few hours hence begin
To rise on you again, and look
Towards old *Mamre* and *Eshcol's* brook.
For surely he
Who lov'd the world so as to give
His onely Son to make it free,
Whose Spirit too doth mourn and grieve
To see man lost, will for old love
From your dark hearts this veil remove.

Faith sojourn'd first on earth in you,
You were the dear and chosen stock:
The Arm of God, glorious and true,
Was first reveal'd to be your rock.

You were the *eldest* childe, and when
Your stony hearts despised love,
The *youngest*, ev'n the Gentiles, then,
Were chear'd your jealousie to move.

Thus, righteous Father! doest thou deal
With brutish men; Thy gifts go round
By turns, and timely, and so heal
The lost son by the newly found.

## BEGGING.

AYE, do not go! thou know'st, I'll dye!
My *Spring* and *Fall* are in thy book!
Or, if thou goest, do not deny
To lend me, though from far, one look!

My sins long since have made thee strange,
A very stranger unto me;
No morning-meetings since this change,
Nor evening-walks have I with thee.

Why is my God thus slow and cold,
When I am most, most sick and sad?

Well fare those blessed days of old,
When thou didst hear the *weeping Lad!*[1]

O do not thou do as I did,
Do not despise a love-sick heart!
What though some clouds defiance bid,
Thy Sun must shine in every part.

Though I have spoil'd, O spoil not thou!
Hate not thine own dear gift and token!
Poor birds sing best, and prettiest show,
When their nest is faln and broken.

Dear Lord! restore thy ancient peace,
Thy quikning friendship, man's bright wealth!
And if thou wilt not give me ease
From sicknesse, give my spirit health!

## PALM-SUNDAY.

COME, drop your branches, strow the way,
Plants of the day!
Whom sufferings make most green and gay.
The King of grief, the Man of sorrow,
Weeping still like the wet morrow,
Your shades and freshness comes to borrow.

[1] *Ishmael.*—Ed.

Put on, put on your best array;
Let the joy'd road make holy-day,
And flowers, that into fields do stray,
Or secret groves, keep the high-way.

Trees, flowers, and herbs; birds, beasts, and stones,
That since man fell expect with groans
To see the Lamb, come [1] all at once,
Lift up your heads and leave your moans!
For here comes he
Whose death will be
Man's life, and your full liberty.

Hark! how the children shrill and high
*Hosanna* cry;
Their joys provoke the distant skie,
Where thrones and Seraphins reply;
And their own Angels shine and sing,
In a bright ring:
Such yong, sweet mirth
Makes heaven and earth
Joyn in a joyful symphony.

The harmless, yong, and happy Ass,
(Seen long before [2] this came to pass,)
Is in these joys an high partaker,
Ordain'd and made to bear his Maker.

Dear feast of Palms, of flowers and dew!
Whose fruitful dawn sheds hopes and lights,

[1] Original has "which" for "come."—Ed.
[2] *Zechariah, chap.* 9. *ver.* 9.

Thy bright solemnities did shew
The third glad day through two sad nights.

I'll get me up before the sun,
I'll cut me boughs off many a tree,
And all alone full early run
To gather flowers to wellcome thee.

Then like the Palm, though wrong, I'll bear,
I will be still a childe, still meek
As the poor Ass which the proud jear,
And onely my dear *Jesus* seek.

If I lose all, and must endure
The proverb'd griefs of holy *Job*,
I care not, so I may secure
But one *green branch* and a *white robe*.

## JESUS WEEPING.

*St. Luke, chap.* 19. *ver.* 41.

BLESSED, unhappy City! dearly lov'd,
But still unkinde! Art this day nothing mov'd?
Art senseless still? O can'st thou sleep
When God himself for thee doth weep?
Stiff-necked *Jews!* your father's breed,
That serv'd the calf, not *Abra'm's* seed,

Had not the Babes *Hosanna* cryed,
The stones had spoke what you denyed.

Dear *Jesus*, weep on! pour this latter
Soul-quickning rain, this living water
On their dead hearts; but (O my fears!)
They will drink blood that despise tears.
My dear, bright Lord! my Morning-star!
Shed this live-dew on fields which far
From hence long for it! shed it there,
Where the starv'd earth groans for one tear!

This land, though with thy heart's blest extract fed,
Will nothing yield but thorns to wound thy head.

## THE DAUGHTER OF *HERODIAS*.

*St. Matth. chap.* 14. *ver.* 6, *&c.*

VAIN, sinful Art! who first did fit
Thy lewd, loath'd *Motions* unto *sounds*,
And made grave *Musique*, like wilde *wit*,
Erre in loose airs beyond her bounds;—

What fires hath he heap'd on his head!
Since to his sins, as needs it must,
His *Art* adds still, though he be dead,
New, fresh accounts of blood and lust.

Leave then,[1] yong Sorceress; the *Ice*
Will those coy spirits cast asleep,
Which teach thee now to please[2] his eyes
Who doth thy lothsome mother keep.

But thou hast pleas'd so well, he swears,
And gratifies thy sin with vows;
His shameless lust in publick wears,
And to thy soft arts strongly bows.

*Skilful Inchantress*, and true bred!
Who out of evil can bring forth good?
Thy mother's nets in thee were spred,
She tempts to incest, thou to blood.

## JESUS WEEPING.

*St. John, chap.* 11. *ver.* 35.

MY dear, Almighty Lord! why dost thou weep?
Why dost thou groan and groan again?
And with such deep,
Repeated sighs thy kinde heart pain?
Since the same sacred breath, which thus
Doth mourn for us,
Can make man's dead and scatter'd bones
Unite, and raise up all that dyed at once?

[1] *Her name was* Salome; *in passing over a frozen river, the ice broke under her, and chopt off her head.*
[2] Herod Antipas.

O holy groans! groans of the Dove!
O healing tears! the tears of love!
Dew of the dead! which makes dust move
And spring, how is't that you so sadly grieve,
Who can relieve?

Should not thy sighs refrain thy store
Of tears, and not provoke to more?
Since two afflictions may not raign
In one at one time, as some feign.
Those blasts, which o'er our heads here stray,
If showers then fall, will showers allay;
As those poor pilgrims oft have tryed,
Who in this windy world abide.

Dear Lord! thou art all grief and love;
But which thou art most, none can prove.
Thou griev'st, man should himself undo,
And lov'st him, though he works thy wo.

'Twas not that vast, almighty measure
Which is requir'd to make up life,
Though purchased with thy heart's dear treasure,
Did breed this strife
Of grief and pity in thy brest,
The throne where peace and power rest:
But 'twas thy love that, without leave,
Made thine eyes melt, and thy heart heave.
For though death cannot so undo
What thou hast done, but though man too
Should help to spoil, thou canst restore
All better far than 'twas before.

Yet thou so full of pity art,
Pity which overflows thy heart,
That, though the cure of all man's harm
Is nothing to thy glorious arm,
Yet canst not thou that free cure do,
But thou must sorrow for him too.

Then farewell joys! for while I live,
My business here shall be to grieve:
A grief that shall outshine all joys
For mirth and life, yet without noise.
A grief, whose silent dew shall breed
Lilies and myrrhe, where the curs'd seed
Did sometimes rule. A grief so bright,
'Twill make the land of darkness light;
And while too many sadly roam,
Shall send me, swan-like, singing home.

Psalm 73. ver. 25.

*Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth, that I desire besides thee.*

## PROVIDENCE.

ACRED and secret hand!
By whose assisting, swift command
The Angel shewd that holy Well,
Which freed poor *Hagar* from her fears,
And turn'd to smiles the begging tears
Of yong, distressed *Ishmael*.

How in a mystick cloud,
Which doth thy strange sure mercies shroud,
Doest thou convey man food and money,
Unseen by him till they arrive
Just at his mouth, that thankless hive,
Which kills thy bees, and eats thy honey!

If I thy servant be,
Whose service makes ev'n captives free,
A fish shall all my tribute pay,
The swift-wing'd raven shall bring me meat,
And I, like flowers, shall still go neat,
As if I knew no month but *May*.

I will not fear what man
With all his plots and power can.
Bags that wax old may plundered be;
But none can sequester or let
A state that with the sun doth set,
And comes next morning fresh as he.

Poor birds this doctrine sing,
And herbs which on dry hills do spring,
Or in the howling wilderness
Do know thy dewy morning hours,
And watch all night for mists or showers,
Then drink and praise thy bounteousness.

May he for ever dye
Who trusts not thee, but wretchedly
Hunts gold and wealth, and will not lend
Thy service nor his soul one day!
May his crown, like his hopes, be clay;
And what he saves, may his foes spend!

If all my portion here,
The measure given by thee each year,
Were by my causless enemies
Usurp'd; it never should me grieve,
Who know how well thou canst relieve,
Whose hands are open as thine eyes.

Great King of love and truth!
Who would'st not hate my froward youth,
And wilt not leave me when grown old;
Gladly will I, like *Pontick* sheep,
Unto my [1] wormwood-diet keep,
Since thou hast made thy Arm my fold.

## THE KNOT.

BRIGHT Queen of Heaven! God's
Virgin Spouse!
The glad world's blessed maid!
Whose beauty tyed life to thy house,
And brought us saving ayd.

Thou art the true Loves-knot; by thee
God is made our allie;
And man's inferior Essence He
With His did dignifie.

For coalescent by that band
We are His body grown,
Nourished with favors from His hand
Whom for our head we own.

[1] "Their" in original.—Ed.

And such a Knot what arm dares loose,
What life, what death can sever?
Which us in Him, and Him in us,
United keeps for ever.

## THE ORNAMENT.

THE lucky world shewd me one day
Her gorgeous Mart and glittering store,
Where with proud haste the rich made way
To buy, the poor came to adore.

Serious they seem'd and bought up all
The latest modes of pride and lust;
Although the first must surely fall,
And the last is most loathsome dust.

But while each gay, alluring ware
With idle hearts and busie looks
They viewd, (for idleness hath there
Laid up all her archives and books),

Quite through their proud and pompous file
Blushing, and in meek weeds array'd,
With native looks which knew no guile,
Came the sheep-keeping *Syrian* Maid.

Whom strait the shining row all fac'd,
Forc'd by her artless looks and dress;
While one cryed out, we are disgrac'd!
For she is bravest, you confess.

## ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

DEAR, beauteous Saint! more white than day,
When in his naked, pure array;
Fresher than morning-flowers which shew
As thou in tears dost, best in dew.
How art thou chang'd, how lively, fair,
Pleasing, and innocent, an air,
Not tutor'd by thy glass, but free,
Native and pure, shines now in thee!
But since thy beauty doth still keep
Bloomy and fresh, why dost thou weep?
This dusky state of sighs and tears
Durst not look on those smiling years,
When *Magdal*-castle was thy seat,
Where all was sumptuous, rare and neat.
Why lies this hair despised now
Which once thy care and art did shew?
Who then did dress the much lov'd toy,
In spires, globes, angry curls and coy,
Which with skill'd negligence seem'd shed
About thy curious, wilde, young head?
Why is this rich, this *Pistic* Nard
Spilt, and the box quite broke and marr'd?

What pretty sullenness did haste
Thy easie hands to do this waste?
Why art thou humbled thus, and low
As earth thy lovely head dost bow?
Dear soul! thou knew'st flowers here on earth
At their Lord's foot-stool have their birth;
Therefore thy wither'd self in haste
Beneath his blest feet thou didst cast,
That at the root of this green tree
Thy great decays restor'd might be.
Thy curious vanities, and rare
Odorous ointments kept with care,
And dearly bought, when thou didst see
They could not cure nor comfort thee;
Like a wise, early Penitent,
Thou sadly didst to him present,
Whose interceding, meek, and calm
Blood, is the world's all-healing *Balm.*
This, this Divine Restorative
Call'd forth thy tears, which ran in live
And hasty drops, as if they had
(Their Lord so near) sense to be glad.
Learn, Ladies, here the faithful cure
Makes beauty lasting, fresh and pure;
Learn *Mary's* art of tears, and then
Say *You have got the day from men.*
Cheap, mighty Art! her Art of love,
Who lov'd much, and much more could move;
Her Art! whose memory must last
Till truth through all the world be past;
Till his abus'd, despised flame
Return to Heaven, from whence it came,
And send a fire down, that shall bring

Destruction on his ruddy wing.
Her Art! whose pensive, weeping eyes,
Were once sins loose and tempting spies;
But now are fixed stars, whose light
Helps such dark straglers to their sight.

Self-boasting *Pharisee!* how blinde
A judge wert thou, and how unkinde!
It was impossible, that thou,
Who wert all false should'st true grief know.
Is't just to judge her faithful tears
By that foul rheum thy false eye wears?

*This Woman*, say'st thou, *is a sinner!*
And sate there none such at thy dinner?
Go Leper, go! wash till thy flesh
Comes like a childe's, spotless and fresh;
He is still leprous that still paints:
Who saint themselves, they are no saints.

## THE RAIN-BOW.

STILL young and fine! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou, when *Shem's* admiring eye
Thy burnisht, flaming *Arch* did first descry!
When *Terah*, *Nahor*, *Haran*, *Abram*, *Lot*,

The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine darkness looks white and fair,
Forms turn to Musick, clouds to smiles and air:
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sun-shine! the sure tye
Of thy Lord's hand, the object[1] of His eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant, and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And mindes the Covenant 'twixt *All* and *One*.
O foul, deceitful men! my God doth keep
His promise still, but we break ours and sleep.
After the *Fall* the first sin was in *Blood*,
And *Drunkenness* quickly did succeed the flood;
But since *Christ* dyed, (as if we did devise
To lose him too, as well as *Paradise*,)
These two grand sins we joyn and act together,
Though blood and drunkeness make but foul, foul weather.
*Water*, though both Heaven's windows and the deep
Full forty days o'r the drown'd world did weep,
Could not reform us, and blood in despight,
Yea God's own blood, we tread upon and slight.

[1] *Gen. chap.* 9. *ver.* 16.

So those bad daughters, which God sav'd from fire,
While *Sodom* yet did smoke lay with their sire.

Then peaceful, signal bow, but in a cloud
Still lodged, where all thy unseen arrows shrowd;
I will on thee as on a Comet look,
A Comet, the sad world's ill-boding book;
Thy light as luctual and stain'd with woes
I'll judge, where penal flames sit mixt and close.
For though some think, thou shin'st but to restrain
Bold storms, and simply dost attend on rain;
Yet I know well, and so our sins require,
Thou dost but court cold rain, till *Rain* turns *Fire*.

## THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY.

*St. Mark, chap. 4. ver. 26.*

IF this world's friends might see but once
What some poor man may often feel,
Glory and gold and crowns and thrones,
They would soon quit, and learn to kneel.

My dew, my dew! my early love,
My soul's bright food, thy absence kills
Hover not long, eternal Dove!
Life without thee is loose and spills.

Something I had, which long ago
Did learn to suck and sip and taste;
But now grown sickly, sad and slow,
Doth fret and wrangle, pine and waste.

O spred thy sacred wings, and shake
One living drop! one drop life keeps!
If pious griefs Heaven's joys awake,
O fill his bottle! thy childe weeps!

Slowly and sadly doth he grow,
And soon as left shrinks back to ill;
O feed that life, which makes him blow
And spred and open to thy will!

For thy eternal, living wells
None stain'd or wither'd shall come near:
A fresh, immortal *green* there dwells,
And spotless *white* is all the wear.

Dear, secret *Greenness!* nurst below
Tempests and windes and winter-nights,
Vex not, that but one sees thee grow,
That *One* made all these lesser lights.

If those bright joys He singly sheds
On thee, were all met in one Crown,
Both Sun and Stars would hide their heads;
And Moons, though full, would get them down.

Let glory be their bait, whose mindes
Are all too high for a low cell:

Though hawks can prey through storms and winds,
The poor bee in her hive must dwell.

Glory, the croud's cheap tinsel, still
To what most takes them is a drudge;
And they too oft take good for ill,
And thriving vice for vertue judge.

What needs a conscience calm and bright
Within itself an outward test?
Who breaks his glass to take more light,
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch,
Till the white-winged Reapers come!

## ¶ [TIME'S BOOK.]

AS Time one day by me did pass,
Through a large dusky glasse
He held, I chanc'd to look,
And spyed his curious Book
Of past days, where sad Heav'n did shed
A mourning light upon the dead.

Many disordered lives I saw,
And foul records which thaw

My kinde eyes still, but in
A fair, white page of thin
And ev'n, smooth lines, like the Sun's rays,
Thy name was writ, and all thy days.

O bright and happy Kalendar!
Where youth, shines like a star
All pearl'd with tears, and may
Teach age *the Holy way;*
Where through thick pangs, high agonies,
Faith into life breaks, and death dies.

As some meek night-piece which day quails,
To candle-light unveils:
So by one beamy line
From thy bright lamp did shine
In the same page thy humble grave,
Set with green herbs, glad hopes and brave.

Here slept my thought's dear mark! which dust
Seem'd to devour like rust;
But dust, I did observe,
By hiding doth preserve;
As we for long and sure recruits,
Candy with sugar our choice fruits.

O calm and sacred bed, where lies
In death's dark mysteries
A beauty far more bright
Than the noon's cloudless light;
For whose dry dust green branches bud,
And robes are bleach'd in the *Lamb's* blood.

Sleep, happy ashes! blessed sleep!
While haplesse I still weep;
Weep that I have out-liv'd
My life, and unreliev'd
Must, soul-lesse shadow! so live on,
Though life be dead, and my joys gone.

## ¶ [RELIGION.]

FAIR and yong light! my guide to holy
Grief and soul-curing melancholy;
Whom living here I did still shun
As sullen night-ravens do the sun,
And led by my own foolish fire
Wandred through darkness, dens, and mire.
How am I now in love with all
That I term'd then meer bonds and thrall!
And to thy name, which still I keep,
Like the surviving turtle weep!
O bitter curs'd delights of men!
Our soul's diseases first, and then
Our body's; poysons that intreat
With fatal sweetness, till we eat;
How artfully do you destroy,
That kill with smiles and seeming joy!
If all the subtilties of vice
Stood bare before unpractic'd eyes,
And every act she doth commence
Had writ down its sad consequence,

Yet would not men grant their ill fate
Lodged in those false looks, till too late.
O holy, happy, healthy heaven,
Where all is pure, where all is even,
Plain, harmless, faithful, fair, and bright,
But what earth breaths against thy light!
How blest had men been, had their *Sire*
Liv'd still in league with thy chaste fire;
Nor made life through her long descents
A slave to lustful elements!
I did once read in an old book,
Soil'd with many a weeping look,
*That the seeds of foul sorrows be*
*The finest things that are to see.*
So that fam'd fruit, which made all dye
Seem'd fair unto the woman's eye.
If these supplanters in the shade
Of Paradise could make man fade,
How in this world should they deter
This world, their fellow-murtherer!
And why then grieve we to be sent
Home by our first fair punishment,
Without addition to our woes
And lingring wounds from weaker foes;
Since that doth quickly freedom win,
*For he that's dead is freed from sin?*

O that I were winged and free
And quite undrest just now with thee,
Where freed souls dwell by living fountains
On everlasting, spicy mountains!
Alas! my God! take home thy sheep;
This world but laughs at those that weep.

## THE STONE.

*Josh. chap.* 24. *ver.* 27.

HAVE it now:
But where to act that none shall know;
Where I shall have no cause to fear
An eye or ear,
What man will show?
If nights, and shades, and secret rooms,
Silent as tombs,
Will not conceal nor assent to
My dark designs, what shall I do?
Man I can bribe, and woman will
Consent to any gainful ill,
But these dumb creatures are so true,
No gold nor gifts can them subdue.
*Hedges have ears*, saith the old sooth,
*And ev'ry bush is something's booth;*
This cautious fools mistake, and fear
Nothing but man when ambush'd there.

But I, alas!
Was shown one day in a strange glass
That busie commerce kept between
God and his creatures, though unseen.
They hear, see, speak,
And into loud discoveries break,

As loud as blood. Not that God needs
Intelligence, whose Spirit feeds
All things with life, before whose eye,
Hell and all hearts stark naked lye.
But he [1] that judgeth as he hears,
He that accuseth none, so steers
His righteous course, that though he knows
All that man doth, conceals or shows,
Yet will not he by his own light,
Though both all-seeing and all right,
Condemn men; but will try them by
A process, which ev'n man's own eye
Must needs acknowledge to be just.
Hence sand and dust
Are shak'd for witnesses, and stones,
Which some think dead, shall all at once
With one attesting voice detect
Those secret sins we least suspect.
For know, wilde men, that when you erre
Each thing turns Scribe and Register,
And, in obedience to his Lord,
Doth your most private sins record.

The *Law* delivered to the *Jews*,
Who promis'd much, but did refuse
Performance, will for that same deed
Against them by a *stone* proceed;
Whose substance, though 'tis hard enough,
Will prove their hearts more stiff and tuff.
But now, since God on himself took
What all mankinde could never brook,

[1] *John, chap.* 5. *ver.* 30, 45.

If any (for He all invites)
His easie yoke rejects or slights,
The *Gospel* then, for 'tis His word,
And not himself,[1] shall judge the world,
Will by loose *Dust* that man arraign,
As one than dust more vile and vain.

## THE DWELLING-PLACE.

*St. John, chap.* 1. *ver.* 38, 39.

WHAT happy, secret fountain,
Fair shade, or mountain,
Whose undiscover'd virgin glory
Boasts it this day, though not in story,
Was then thy dwelling? did some cloud,
Fix'd to a tent, descend and shrowd
My distrest Lord? or did a star,
Beckon'd by thee, though high and far,
In sparkling smiles haste gladly down
To lodge light and increase her own?
My dear, dear God! I do not know
What lodged thee then, nor where, nor how;
But I am sure thou dost now come
Oft to a narrow, homely room,
Where thou too hast but the least part;
My God, I mean *my sinful heart.*

[1] *S. John, chap.* 12. *ver.* 47, 48.

## THE MEN OF WAR.

*S. Luke, chap.* 23. *ver.* 11.

*F any have an ear,*
Saith holy John,[1] *then let him hear!*
*He, that into captivity*
*Leads others, shall a captive be.*
*Who with the sword doth others kill,*
*A sword shall his blood likewise spill.*
*Here is the patience of the Saints,*
*And the true faith which never faints.*

Were not thy word, dear Lord! my light,
How would I run to endless night,
And persecuting thee and thine,
Enact for *Saints* myself and mine!
But now enlighten'd thus by thee,
I dare not think such villany;
Nor for a temporal self-end
Successful wickedness commend.
For in this bright, instructing verse
Thy Saints are not the conquerors;
But patient, meek, and overcome
Like thee, when set at naught and dumb.
Armies thou hast in Heaven, which fight
And follow thee all cloath'd in white;
But here on earth, though thou hadst need,
Thou wouldst no legions, but wouldst bleed.

[1] *Revel. chap.* 13. *ver.* 10.

The sword wherewith thou dost command
Is in thy mouth, not in thy hand,
And all thy Saints do overcome
By thy blood, and their Martyrdom.
But seeing Soldiers long ago
Did spit on thee, and smote thee too;
Crown'd thee with thorns, and bow'd the knee,
But in contempt, as still we see,
I'le marvel not at ought they do,
Because they us'd my Saviour so;
Since of my *Lord* they had their will,
The servant must not take it ill.

Dear *Jesus*, give me patience here,
And faith to see my Crown as near,
And almost reach'd, because 'tis sure
If I hold fast, and slight the *Lure*.
Give me humility and peace,
Contented thoughts, innoxious ease,
A sweet, revengeless, quiet minde,
And to my greatest haters kinde.
Give me, my God! a heart as milde
And plain, as when I was a childe.
That when *thy Throne is set*, and all
These *conquerors* before it fall,
I may be found, preserv'd by thee,
Amongst that chosen company,
Who by no blood here overcame
But the blood of the *blessed Lamb*.

## THE ASS.

*St. Matt. chap.* 21.

THOU! who didst place me in this busie street
Of flesh and blood, where two ways meet:
The *one* of goodness, peace, and life,
The *other* of death, sin, and strife;
Where frail visibles rule the minde,
And present things finde men most kinde;
Where obscure cares the *mean* defeat,
And splendid vice destroys the *great*;
As thou didst set no law for me,
But that of perfect liberty,
Which neither tyres, nor doth corrode,
But is a *Pillow*, not a *Load*:
So give me grace ever to rest,
And build on it because the best;
Teach both mine eyes and feet to move
Within those bounds set by thy love;
Grant I may soft and lowly be,
And minde those things I cannot see;
Tye me to faith, though above reason,
Who question power, they speak treason:
Let me, thy Ass, be onely wise
To carry, not search, mysteries.
Who carries thee, is by thee led;
Who argues, follows his own head.

To check bad motions, keep me still
Amongst the dead, where thriving ill,
Without his brags and conquests lies,
And truth, opprest here, gets the prize.
At all times, whatsoe'r I do
Let me not fail to question, who
Shares in the *act*, and puts me to't?
And if not thou, let not me do't.
Above all, make me love the poor,
Those burthens to the rich man's door;
Let me admire those, and be kinde
To low estates and a low minde.
If the world offers to me ought,
That by thy book must not be sought,
Or, though it should be lawful, may
Prove not expedient for thy way,
To shun that peril let thy grace
Prevail with me to shun the place;
Let me be wise to please thee still,
And let men call me what they will.
When thus thy milde, instructing hand
Findes thy poor *foal* at thy command,
When he from wilde is become wise,
And slights that most, which men most prize;
When all things here to thistles turn
Pricking his lips, till he doth mourn
And hang the head, sighing for those
Pastures of life, where the Lamb goes:
O then, just then! break or untye
These bonds, this sad captivity,
This leaden state, which men miscal
Being and life, but is dead thrall.
And when, O God! the Ass is free,

In a state known to none but thee,
O let him by his *Lord* be led
To living springs, and there be fed,
Where light, joy, health, and perfect peace
Shut out all pain and each disease;
Where death and frailty are forgotten
And bones rejoyce, which once were broken!

## THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

*S. Matt. chap.* 13. *ver.* 44.

*WHAT can the man do that succeeds the King?*[1]
*Even what was done before, and no new thing.*

Who shews me but one grain of sincere light?
False stars, and fire-drakes, and deceits of night,
Set forth to fool and foil thee, do not boast;
Such coal-flames shew but kitchin-rooms at most.
And those I saw search'd through; yea those and all,
That these three thousand years time did let fall
To blinde the eyes of lookers-back, and I
Now all is done, finde all is vanity.

[1] *Ecclesiastes, chap.* 2. *ver.* 12.

Those secret searches which afflict the wise,
Paths that are hidden from the *Vultur's* eyes,
I saw at distance, and where grows that fruit
Which others onely grope for and dispute.
The world's lov'd wisdom, for the world's friends think
There is none else, did not the dreadful brink
And precipice it leads to bid me flie,
None could with more advantage use than I.
Man's favourite sins, those tainting appetites,
Which nature breeds, and some fine clay invites,
With all their soft, kinde arts and easie strains,
Which strongly operate, though without pains,
Did not a greater beauty rule mine eyes,
None would more dote on, nor so soon entice.
But since these sweets are sowre, and poyson'd here,
Where the impure seeds flourish all the year,
And private tapers will but help to stray
Ev'n those, who *by them* would finde out the day,
I'le seal my eyes up, and to thy commands
Submit my wilde heart, and restrain my hands;
I will do nothing, nothing know, nor see
But what thou bidst, and shew'st, and teachest me.
Look what thou gav'st; all that I do restore,
But for one thing, though purchas'd once before.

## CHILDE-HOOD.

I CANNOT reach it; and my striving eye
Dazles at it, as at eternity.
Were now that Chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content too in my pow'r,
Quickly would I make my path even,
And by meer playing go to Heaven.

Why should men love
A Wolf, more than a Lamb or Dove?
Or choose hell-fire and brimstone streams
Before bright-stars and God's own beams?
Who kisseth thorns will hurt his face,
But flowers do both refresh and grace;
And sweetly living (*fie on men!*)
Are, when dead, medicinal then.
If seeing much should make staid eyes,
And long experience should make wise;
Since all that age doth teach is ill,
Why should I not love childe-hood still?
Why, if I see a rock or shelf,
Shall I from thence cast down my self,
Or by complying with the world,
From the same precipice be hurl'd?
Those observations are but foul,
Which make me wise to lose my soul.

And yet the *Practice* worldlings call
Business and weighty action all,
Checking the poor childe for his play,
But gravely cast themselves away.

Dear, harmless age! the short, swift span
Where weeping virtue parts with man;
Where love without lust dwells, and bends
What way we please without self-ends.

An age of mysteries! which he
Must live twice that would God's face see;
Which *Angels* guard, and with it play,
Angels! which foul men drive away.

How do I study now, and scan
Thee more than ere I studyed man,
And onely see through a long night
Thy edges, and thy bordering light!
O for thy center and mid-day!
For sure that is the *narrow way!*

## THE NIGHT.

*St. John, chap.* 3. *ver.* 2.

THROUGH that pure *Virgin-shrine*,
That sacred vail drawn o'er thy glorious noon,
That men might look and live, as glo-worms shine,

And face the moon,
Wise *Nicodemus* saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blinde eyes
Thy long expected healing wings could see,
When thou didst rise;
And, what can never more be done,
Did at mid-night speak with the Sun!

O who will tell me, where
He found thee at that dead and silent hour!
What hallow'd solitary ground did bear
So rare a flower;
Within whose sacred leafs did lie
The fulness of the Deity!

No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty *cherub*, nor carv'd stone,
But his own living works, did my Lord hold
And lodge alone;
Where *trees* and *herbs* did watch and peep
And wonder, while the *Jews* did sleep.

Dear night! this world's defeat;
The stop to busie fools; care's check and curb;
The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!
*Christ's*[1] progress, and his prayer time;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

[1] *S. Mark, chap.* 1. 35. *S. Luke, chap.* 21. 37.

God's silent, searching flight;
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
His still, soft call;
His knocking time; the soul's dumb watch,
When spirits their fair kinred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some *Angel's* wing or voice
Is seldom rent;
Then I in Heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tyre
Themselves and others, I consent and run
To ev'ry myre;
And by this world's ill guiding light,
Erre more than I can do by night.

There is in God, some say,
A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.
O for that night! where I in him
Might live invisible and dim!

## ABEL'S BLOOD.

SAD, purple well! whose bubling eye
Did first against a murth'rer cry;
Whose streams still vocal, still complain
Of bloody *Cain;*
And now at evening are as red
As in the morning when first shed.
If single thou,
Though single voices are but low,
Could'st such a thrill and long cry rear
As speaks still in thy Maker's ear,
What thunders shall those men arraign
Who cannot count those they have slain,
Who bath not in a shallow flood,
But in a deep, wide sea of blood?
A sea, whose lowd waves cannot sleep,
But *deep* still calleth upon *deep:*
Whose urgent *sound*, like unto that
*Of many waters*, beateth at
The everlasting doors above,
Where souls behinde the altar move,
And with one strong, incessant cry
Inquire *How long?* of the most High?
Almighty Judge!
At whose just laws no just men grudge;
Whose blessed, sweet commands do pour
Comforts, and joys, and hopes each hour
On those that keep them; O accept
Of his vow'd heart, whom thou hast kept

From bloody men! and grant, I may
That sworn memorial duly pay
To thy bright arm, which was my light
And leader through thick death and night!
Aye may that flood,
That proudly spilt and despis'd blood,
Speechless and calm, as infants sleep!
Or if it watch, forgive and weep
For those that spilt it! May no cries
From the low earth to high Heaven rise,
But what like his, whose blood peace brings,
Shall, when they rise, *speak better things*
Than *Abel's* doth! may *Abel* be
Still single heard, while these agree
With his milde blood in voice and will,
*Who* pray'd for those that did him kill!

## RIGHTEOUSNESS.

FAIR, solitary path! whose blessed shades
The old, white Prophets planted first and drest;
Leaving for us, whose goodness quickly fades,
A shelter all the way, and bowers to rest.

Who is the man that walks in thee? who loves
Heav'n's secret solitude, those fair abodes,
Where turtles build, and carelese sparrows move,
Without to morrow's evils and future loads?

Who hath the upright heart, the single eye,
The clean, pure hand, which never medled pitch?
Who sees *Invisibles*, and doth comply
With hidden treasures that make truly rich?

He that doth seek and love
The things above,
Whose spirit ever poor is, meek, and low;
Who simple still and wise,
Still homewards flies,
Quick to advance, and to retreat most slow.

Whose acts, words, and pretence,
Have all one sense,
One aim and end; who walks not by his sight;
Whose eyes are both put out,
And goes about
Guided by faith, not by exterior light.

Who spills no blood, nor spreds
Thorns in the beds
Of the distrest, hasting their overthrow;
Making the time they had
Bitter and sad,
Like chronic pains,[1] which surely kill, though slow.

Who knows earth nothing hath
Worth love or wrath,
But in his *Hope* and *Rock* is ever glad.
Who seeks and follows peace,
When with the ease
And health of conscience it is to be had.

[1] The original has "chronic prayers."—Ed.

Who bears his cross with joy,
And doth imploy
His heart and tongue in prayers for his foes;
Who lends not to be paid,
And gives full aid
Without that bribe which usurers impose.

Who never looks on man
Fearful and wan,
But firmly trusts in God; the great man's measure
Though high and haughty must
Be ta'en in dust;
But the good man is God's peculiar treasure.

Who doth thus, and doth not
These good deeds blot
With bad, or with neglect; and heaps not wrath
By secret filth, nor feeds
Some snake, or weeds,
Cheating himself—That man walks in this path.

## ANGUISH.

MY God and King! to thee
I bow my knee;
I bow my troubled soul, and greet
With my foul heart thy holy feet.
Cast it, or tread it! It shall do
Even what thou wilt, and praise thee too.

My God, could I weep blood,
Gladly I would;
Or if thou wilt give me that art,
Which through the eyes pours out the heart,
I will exhaust it all, and make
My self all tears, a weeping lake.

O! 'tis an easie thing
To write and sing;
But to write true, unfeigned verse
Is very hard! O God, disperse
These weights, and give my spirit leave
To act as well as to conceive!

O my God, hear my cry;
Or let me dye!———

## TEARS.

WHEN my God, my Glory, brings
His white and holy train
Unto those clear and living *Springs*
Where comes no stain!

Where all is *light*, and *flowers*, and *fruit*,
And *joy*, and *rest*,
Make me amongst them, 'tis my suit!
The last one and the least.

And when they all are fed, and have
Drunk of thy living stream,
Bid thy poor ass, with tears I crave,
Drink after them.

Thy love claims highest thanks, my sin
The lowest pitch:
But if he pays, who loves much, then
Thou hast made beggers rich.

## JACOB'S PILLOW, AND PILLAR.

SEE the Temple in thy Pillar reared,
And that dread glory which thy children feared,
In milde, clear visions, without a frown,
Unto thy solitary self is shown.
'Tis number makes a Schism: throngs are rude,
And God himself dyed by the multitude.
This made him put on clouds, and fire, and smoke;
Hence He in thunder to thy off-spring spoke.
The small, still voice at some low cottage knocks,
But a strong wind must break thy lofty rocks.

The first true worship of the world's great King
From private and selected hearts did spring;

But He most willing to save all mankinde,
Inlarg'd that light, and to the bad was kinde.
Hence Catholick or Universal came
A most fair notion, but a very name.
For this rich pearl, like some more common
stone,
When once made publique, is esteemed by none.
Man slights his Maker when familiar grown,
And sets up laws to pull his honour down.
This God foresaw: and when slain by the
crowd,
Under that stately and mysterious cloud
Which his death scatter'd, He foretold the place
And form to serve Him in should be true grace,
And the meek heart; not in a Mount, nor at
*Jerusalem*, with blood of beasts and fat.
A heart is that dread place, that awful cell,
That secret ark, where the milde Dove doth
dwell,
When the proud waters rage: when Heathens
rule
By God's permission and man turns a mule,
This litle *Goshen*, in the midst of night,
And Satan's seat, in all her coasts hath light;
Yea *Bethel* shall have tithes, saith *Israel's* stone,
And vows and visions, though her foes crye,
*None.*
Thus is the solemn temple sunk agen
Into a Pillar, and conceal'd from men.
And glory be to his eternal Name,
Who is contented that this holy flame
Shall lodge in such a narrow pit, till He
With His strong arm turns our captivity!

But blessed *Jacob*, though thy sad distress
Was just the same with ours, and nothing less;
For thou a brother, and blood-thirsty too,
Didst flye,[1] whose children wrought thy children's wo:
Yet thou in all thy solitude and grief,
On stones didst sleep, and found'st but cold relief;
Thou from the Day-star a long way didst stand,
And all that distance was law and command.
But we a healing sun by day and night,
Have our sure Guardian, and our leading light.
What thou didst hope for and believe we finde
And feel, a friend most ready, sure and kinde.
Thy Pillow was but type and shade at best,
But we the substance have, and on Him rest.

## THE AGREEMENT.

I WROTE it down. But one that saw
And envyed that Record, did since
Such a mist over my minde draw,
It quite forgot that purpos'd glimpse.
I read it sadly oft, but still
Simply believ'd 'twas not my Quill.

At length my life's kinde Angel came,
And with his bright and busie wing

[1] *Obadiah, chap.* 1. 10. *Amos, chap.* 1. 11.

Scatt'ring that cloud, shewd me the flame,
Which strait like morning-stars did sing,
And shine, and point me to a place,
Which all the year sees the sun's face.

O beamy book! O my mid-day,
Exterminating fears and night!
The mount, whose white ascendants may
Be in conjunction with true light!
My thoughts, when towards thee they move,
Glitter and kindle with thy love.

Thou art the oyle and the wine-house;
Thine are the present healing leaves,
Blown from the tree of life to us
By His breath whom my dead heart heaves.
Each page of thine hath true life in't,
And God's bright minde exprest in print.

Most modern books are blots on thee,
Their doctrine chaff and windy fits,
Darken'd along, as their scribes be,
With those foul storms, when they were writ;
While the man's zeal lays out and blends
Onely self-worship and self-ends.

Thou art the faithful, pearly rock,
The hive of beamy, living lights,
Ever the same, whose diffus'd stock,
Entire still, wears out blackest nights.
Thy lines are rays the true Sun sheds;
Thy leaves are healing wings he spreads.

For until thou didst comfort me
I had not one poor word to say:
Thick busie clouds did multiply,
And said I was no childe of day;
They said, my own hands did remove
That candle given me from above.

O God! I know and do confess
My sins are great and still prevail,
(Most heynous sins and numberless!)
But thy *Compassions* cannot fail.
If thy sure mercies can be broken,
Then all is true my foes have spoken.

But while time runs, and after it
Eternity, which never ends,
Quite through them both, still infinite,
Thy Covenant by *Christ* extends;
No sins of frailty, nor of youth,
Can foil his merits, and thy truth.

And this I hourly finde, for thou
Dost still renew, and purge and heal:
Thy care and love, which joyntly flow,
New cordials, new *cathartics* deal.
But were I once cast off by thee,
I know, my God! this would not be.

Wherefore with tears, tears by thee sent,
I beg my faith may never fail!
And when in death my speech is spent,
O let that silence then prevail!
O chase in that *cold calm* my foes,
And hear my heart's last private throes!

So thou, who didst the work begin,
For *I*, *till drawn, came not to thee*,[1]
Wilt finish it, and by no sin
Will thy free mercies hindred be.
For which, O God, I onely can
Bless thee, and blame unthankful man.

## THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT.

DAY of life, of light, of love!
The onely day dealt from above!
A day so fresh, so bright, so brave,
'Twill shew us each forgotten grave,
And make the dead, like flowers, arise
Youthful and fair to see new skies.
All other days, compar'd to thee,
Are but light's weak minority;
They are but veils, and cyphers drawn
Like clouds, before thy glorious dawn.
O come! arise! shine! do not stay,
Dearly lov'd day!
The fields are long since white, and I
With earnest groans for freedom cry;
My fellow creatures too say, *Come!*
And stones, though speechless, are not dumb.
When shall we hear that glorious voice
Of life and joys?
That voice, which to each secret bed
Of my Lord's dead,

[1] *St. John, chap.* 6. *ver.* 44. 65.

Shall bring true day, and make dust see,
The way to immortality?
When shall those first white Pilgrims rise,
Whose holy, happy histories,
Because they sleep so long, some men
Count but the blots of a vain pen?
Dear Lord! make haste!
Sin every day commits more waste;
And thy old enemy, which knows
His time is short, more raging grows.
Nor moan I onely, though profuse,
Thy creature's bondage and abuse;
But what is highest sin and shame,
The vile despight done to thy name;
The forgeries, which impious wit
And power force on Holy Writ,
With all detestable designs,
That may dishonor those pure lines.
O God! though mercy be in thee
The greatest attribute we see,
And the most needful for our sins;
Yet, when thy mercy nothing wins
But meer disdain, let not man say
*Thy arm doth sleep;* but write this day
Thy judging one: Descend, descend!
Make all things new, and without end!

## PSALM 65.

*ION'S* true, glorious God! on thee
Praise waits in all humility.
All flesh shall unto thee repair,
To thee, O thou that hearest prayer!
But sinful words and works still spread
And over-run my heart and head;
Transgressions make me foul each day;
O purge them, purge them all away!

Happy is he, whom thou wilt choose
To serve thee in thy blessed house!
Who in thy holy Temple dwells,
And fill'd with joy thy goodness tells!
King of Salvation! by strange things,
And terrible, Thy justice brings
Man to his duty. Thou alone
Art the world's hope, and but thee, none.
Sailors that flote on flowing seas
Stand firm by thee, and have sure peace.
Thou still'st the loud waves, when most wild,
And mak'st the raging people mild.
Thy arm did first the mountains lay,
And girds their rocky heads this day.
The most remote, who know not thee,
At thy great works astonish'd be.

The *outgoings* of the *Even* and *Dawn*,
In *Antiphones* sing to thy Name:

Thou visit'st the low earth, and then
Water'st it for the sons of men;
Thy upper river, which abounds
With fertil streams, makes rich all grounds;
And by thy mercies still supplied
The sower doth his bread provide.
Thou water'st every ridge of land,
And settlest with thy secret hand
The furrows of it; then thy warm
And opening showers, restrain'd from harm,
Soften the mould, while all unseen
The blade grows up alive and green.
The year is with thy goodness crown'd,
And all thy paths drop fatness round;
They drop upon the wilderness,
For thou dost even the desarts bless,
And hills [all] full of springing pride,
Wear fresh adornments on each side.
The fruitful flocks fill every dale,
And purling corn doth cloath the vale;
They shout for joy, and joyntly sing,
*Glory to the eternal King!*

## THE THRONE.

*Revel. chap.* 20. *ver.* 11.

WHEN with these eyes, clos'd now by thee,
But then restor'd,
The great and white throne I shall see

Of my dread Lord;
And lowly kneeling, for the most
Stiff then must kneel,
Shall look on him, at whose high cost,
Unseen, such joys I feel.

Whatever arguments or skill
Wise heads shall use,
Tears onely and my blushes still
I will produce.
And should those speechless beggers fail,
Which oft have won,
Then taught by thee I will prevail,
And say, *Thy will be done!*

## DEATH.

THOUGH since thy first sad entrance by
Just *Abel's* blood,
'Tis now six thousand years well nigh,
And still thy sov'rainty holds good;
Yet by none art thou understood.

We talk and name thee with much ease,
As a tryed thing;
And every one can slight his lease,
As if it ended in a Spring,
Which shades and bowers doth rent-free bring.

To thy dark land these heedless go.
But there was *One*,
Who search'd it quite through to and fro,
And then, returning like the sun,
Discover'd all that there is done.

And since *His* death we throughly see
All thy dark way;
Thy shades but thin and narrow be,
Which his first looks will quickly fray:
Mists make but triumphs for the day.

As harmless violets, which give
Their virtues here
For salves and syrups while they live,
Do after calmly disappear,
And neither grieve, repine, nor fear:

So dye his servants; and as sure
Shall they revive.
Then let not dust your eyes obscure,
But lift them up, where still alive,
Though fled from you, their spirits hive.

## THE FEAST.

COME away,
Make no delay,
Come while my heart is clean and steddy!
While Faith and Grace
Adorn the place,
Making dust and ashes ready!

No bliss here lent
Is permanent,
Such triumphs poor flesh cannot merit;
Short sips and sights
Endear delights:
Who seeks for more he would inherit.

Come then, true bread,
Quickning the dead,
Whose eater shall not, cannot dye!
Come, antedate
On me that state,
Which brings poor dust the victory.

Aye, victory,
Which from thine eye
Breaks as the day doth from the east,
When the spilt dew,
Like tears doth shew
The sad world wept to be releast.

Spring up, O wine,
And springing shine
With some glad message from his heart,
Who did, when slain,
These means ordain
For me to have in Him a part!

Such a sure part
In his blest heart.
The well where living waters spring,
That, with it fed,
Poor dust, though dead,
Shall rise again, and live, and sing.

O drink and bread,
Which strikes death dead,
The food of man's immortal being!
Under veyls here
Thou art my chear,
Present and sure without my seeing.

How dost thou flye
And search and pry
Through all my parts, and, like a quick
And knowing lamp,
Hunt out each damp,
Whose shadow makes me sad or sick!

O what high joys!
The Turtle's voice
And songs I hear! O quickning showers
Of my Lord's blood,
You make rocks bud,
And crown dry hills with wells and flowers!

For this true ease
This healing peace,
For this [brief] taste of living glory,
My soul and all,
Kneel down and fall,
And sing his sad victorious story!

O thorny crown
More soft than down!
O painful Cross, my bed of rest!
O spear, the key
Opening the way!
O thy worst state, my onely best!

Oh! all thy griefs
Are my reliefs,
As all my sins thy sorrows were!
And what can I,
To this reply?
What, O God! but a silent tear?

Some toil and sow
That wealth may flow,
And dress this earth for next year's meat:
But let me heed
Why thou didst bleed,
And what in the next world to eat.

Revel. chap. 19. ver. 9.

*Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage Supper of the Lamb!*

## THE OBSEQUIES.

SINCE dying for me, thou didst crave
no more
Than common pay,
Some few true tears, and those shed
for
My own ill way;
With a cheap, plain remembrance still
Of thy sad death,
Because forgetfulness would kill
Even life's own breath:

I were most foolish and unkinde
In my own sense,
Should I not ever bear in minde,
If not thy mighty love, my own defense.
Therefore those loose delights and lusts, which here
Men call good chear,
I will, close girt and tyed,
For mourning sack-cloth wear all mortified.

Not but that mourners too can have
Rich weeds and shrouds;
For some wore *White* ev'n in thy grave,
And joy, like light, shines oft in clouds:
But thou, who didst man's whole life earn,
Doest so invite and woo me still,
That to be merry I want skill,
And time to learn.
Besides, those kerchiefs sometimes shed
To make me brave,
I cannot finde, but where thy head
Was once laid for me in thy grave.
Thy grave! To which my thoughts shall move
Like bees in storms unto their hive;
That from the murd'ring world's false love
Thy death may keep my soul alive.

## THE WATER-FALL.

WITH what deep murmurs, through time's silent stealth,
Doth thy transparent, cool, and watry wealth
Here flowing fall,
And chide, and call,
As if his liquid, loose retinue staid
Lingring, and were of this steep place afraid;
The common pass,
Where, clear as glass,
All must descend
Not to an end,
But quickned by this deep and rocky grave,
Rise to a longer course more bright and brave.

Dear stream! dear bank! where often I
Have sate, and pleas'd my pensive eye;
Why, since each drop of thy quick store
Runs thither whence it flow'd before,
Should poor souls fear a shade or night,
Who came (sure) from a sea of light?
Or, since those drops are all sent back
So sure to thee that none doth lack,
Why should frail flesh doubt any more
That what God takes He'll not restore?

O useful element and clear!
My sacred wash and cleanser here;

My first consigner unto those
Fountains of life, where the Lamb goes!
What sublime truths and wholesome themes
Lodge in thy mystical, deep streams!
Such as dull man can never finde,
Unless that Spirit lead his minde,
Which first upon thy face did move
And hatch'd all with his quickning love.
As this loud brook's incessant fall
In streaming rings restagnates all,
Which reach by course the bank, and then
Are no more seen: just so pass men.
O my invisible estate,
My glorious liberty, still late!
Thou art the channel my soul seeks,
Not this with cataracts and creeks.

## QUICKNESS.

FALSE life! a foil, and no more, when
Wilt thou be gone?
Thou foul deception of all men,
That would not have the true come on!

Thou art a moon-like toil; a blinde
Self-posing state;
A dark contest of waves and winde;
A meer tempestuous debate.

Life is a fix'd, discerning light,
A knowing joy;
No chance, or fit; but ever bright,
And calm, and full, yet doth not cloy.

'Tis such a blissful thing, that still
Doth vivifie,
And shine and smile, and hath the skill
To please without eternity.

Thou art a toylsom mole, or less,
A moving mist.
But life is, what none can express,
*A quickness, which my God hath kist.*

## THE WREATH.

SINCE I in storms us'd most to be,
And seldom yielded flowers,
How shall I get a wreath for thee
From those rude, barren hours?
The softer dressings of the Spring,
Or Summer's later store,
I will not for Thy temples bring,
Which *thorns*, not *roses*, wore.

But a twin'd wreath of *grief* and *praise*,
Praise soil'd with tears, and tears again
Shining with joy, like dewy days,
This day I bring for all thy pain;

Thy causless pain! and, sad as death,
Which sadness breeds in the most vain,
(O not in vain!) now beg thy breath,
Thy quickning breath, which gladly bears
Through saddest clouds to that glad place,
Where cloudless quires sing without tears,
Sing thy just praise, and see thy face.

## THE QUEER.

TELL me whence that joy doth spring,
Whose diet is divine and fair,
Which wears heaven like a bridal ring,
And tramples on doubts and despair?

Whose Eastern traffique deals in bright
And boundless empyrean themes,
Mountains of spice, day-stars and light,
Green trees of life, and living streams?

Tell me, O tell, who did thee bring,
And here without my knowledge plac'd;
Till thou didst grow and get a wing,
A wing with eyes, and eyes that taste?

Sure, *Holyness* the magnet is,
And *Love* the lure, that woos thee down:
Which makes the high transcendent bliss
Of knowing thee, so rarely known!

## THE BOOK.

ETERNAL God! Maker of all
That have liv'd here since the man's fall!
The Rock of ages! in whose shade
They live unseen, when here they fade!

Thou knew'st this *papyr*, when it was
Meer seed, and after that but grass;
Before 'twas drest or spun, and when
Made *linen*, who did *wear* it then:
What were their lifes, their thoughts and deeds,
Whether good *corn*, or fruitless *weeds*.

Thou knewst this *tree*, when a green shade
Cover'd it, since a *cover* made,
And where it flourish'd, grew, and spread,
As if it never should be dead.

Thou knew'st this harmless *beast*, when he
Did live and feed by thy decree
On each green thing; then slept, well fed,
Cloath'd with this *skin*, which now lies spred
A *covering* o're this aged book,
Which makes me wisely weep, and look
On my own dust; meer dust it is,
But not so dry and clean as this.
Thou knew'st and saw'st them all, and though
Now scatter'd thus, dost know them so.

O knowing, glorious Spirit! when
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts and men,
When thou shalt make all new again,
Destroying onely death and pain,
Give him amongst thy works a place,
Who in them lov'd and sought thy face!

## TO THE HOLY BIBLE.

BOOK! life's guide! how shall we part;
And thou so long seiz'd of my heart?
Take this last kiss; and let me weep
True thanks to thee before I sleep,

Thou wert the first put in my hand,
When yet I could not understand,
And daily didst my yong eyes lead
To letters, till I learnt to read.
But as rash youths, when once grown strong,
Flye from their nurses to the throng,
Where they new consorts choose, and stick
To those till either hurt or sick;
So with that first light gain'd from thee
Ran I in chase of vanity,
Cryed dross for gold, and never thought
My first cheap Book had all I sought.
Long reign'd this vogue; and thou cast by
With meek, dumb looks didst woo mine eye,
And oft left open would'st convey

A sudden and most fearching ray
Into my soul, with whose quick touch
Refining still I strugled much.
By this milde art of love at length
Thou overcam'st my sinful strength,
And having brought me home, didst there
Shew me that pearl I sought elsewhere.
Gladness, and peace, and hope, and love,
The secret favors of the Dove;
Her quickning kindness, smiles and kisses,
Exalted pleasures, crowning blisses,
Fruition, union, glory, life
Thou didst lead to, and still all strife.
Living, thou wert my soul's sure ease,
And dying mak'st me go in peace:
Thy next *effects* no tongue can tell;
Farewel, O book of God! farewel!

S. Luke, chap. 2. ver. 14.

*Glory be to God in the highest, and on Earth peace, good will towards men.*

## L'ENVOY.

THE new world's new-quickning Sun!
Ever the same, and never done!
The seers of whose sacred light
Shall all be drest in shining white,

And made conformable to his
Immortal shape, who wrought their bliss;
Arise, arise!
And like old cloaths fold up these skies,
This long worn veyl: then shine and spread
Thy own bright self over each head,
And through thy creatures pierce and pass,
Till all becomes thy cloudless glass,
Transparent as the purest day
And without blemish or decay,
Fixt by thy Spirit to a state
For evermore immaculate;
A state fit for the sight of thy
Immediate, pure, and unveil'd eye,
A state agreeing with thy minde,
A state thy birth and death design'd:
A state for which thy creatures all
Travel and groan, and look, and call,
O seeing thou hast paid our score,
Why should the curse reign any more?
But since thy number is as yet
Unfinish'd, we shall gladly sit
Till all be ready, that the train
May fully fit thy glorious reign.
Onely, let not our haters brag
Thy seamless coat is grown a rag,
Or that thy truth was not here known,
Because we forc'd thy judgements down.
Dry up their arms who vex thy Spouse,
And take the glory of thy house
To deck their own; then give thy saints
That faithful zeal, which neither faints,
Nor wildly burns, but meekly still

Dares own the truth, and shew the ill.
Frustrate those cancerous, close arts,
Which cause solution in all parts,
And strike them dumb, who for meer words
Wound thy beloved more than swords.
Dear Lord, do this! and then let grace
Descend, and hallow all the place;
Incline each hard heart to do good,
And cement us with thy Son's blood;
That like true sheep, all in one fold
We may be fed, and one minde hold.
Give watchful spirits to our guides;
For sin, like water, hourly glides
By each man's door, and quickly will
Turn in, if not obstructed still.
Therefore write in their hearts thy law,
And let these long, sharp judgements awe
Their very thoughts, that by their clear
And holy lives mercy may here
Sit regent yet, and blessings flow
As fast as persecutions now.
So shall we know in war and peace
Thy service to be our sole ease,
With prostrate souls adoring Thee,
Who turn'd our sad captivity!

*S. Clemens apud Basil.*

Ζῇ Θεὸς καὶ ὁ κύριος Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς,
καὶ τὸ Πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον.

PIOUS THOUGHTS AND EJACULATIONS

FROM A VOLUME ENTITLED

THALIA REDIVIVA.

# PIOUS THOUGHTS AND EJACULATIONS.

## TO HIS BOOKS.

BRIGHT books! the perspectives to our weak sights,
The clear projections of discerning lights,
Burning and shining thoughts, man's posthume day,
The track of fled souls, and their milkie way,
The dead alive and busie, the still voice
Of enlarged spirits, kind Heaven's white decoys!
Who lives with you lives like those knowing flowers,
Which in commerce with light spend all their hours;
Which shut to clouds, and shadows nicely shun,
But with glad haste unveil to kiss the Sun.

Beneath you all is dark and a dead night,
Which whoso lives in wants both health and sight.
By sucking you the wise, like bees, do grow
Healing and rich, though this they do most slow,
Because most choicely; for as great a store
Have we of Books as bees of herbs, or more:
And the great task to try, then know, the good,
To discern weeds, and judge of wholesome food,
Is a rare scant performance. For man dyes
Oft ere 'tis done, while the bee feeds and flyes.
But you were all choice flowers; all set and drest
By old, sage florists, who well knew the best:
And I amidst you all am turned a weed!
Not wanting knowledge, but for want of heed.
Then thank thyself, wild fool, that would'st not be
Content to know,—what was too much for thee!

## LOOKING BACK.

FAIR, shining mountains of my pilgrimage,
And flow'ry vales, whose flow'rs were stars!
The days and nights of my first happy age,
An age without distast or warrs!
When I by thoughts ascend your sunny heads,
And mind those sacred midnight lights

By which I walked, when curtained rooms and beds
Confined or sealed up others' sights;

O then, how bright
And quick a light
Doth brush my heart and scatter night!
Chasing that shade,
Which my sins made,
While I so spring, as if I could not fade.
How brave a prospect is a bright back side,
Where flow'rs and palms refresh the eye!
And days well spent like the glad East abide,
Whose morning glories cannot dye!

## THE SHOWER.

ATERS above! Eternal springs!
The dew that silvers the Dove's wings!
O welcom, welcom to the sad:
Give dry dust drink, drink that makes glad!
Many fair ev'nings, many flow'rs
Sweetened with rich and gentle showers,
Have I enjoyed, and down have run
Many a fine and shining sun;
But never, till this happy hour,
Was blest with such an evening-shower!

## DISCIPLINE.

FAIR Prince of Life! Light's living well!
Who hast the keys of death and hell;
If the mule man despise thy day,
Put chains of darkness in his way.
Teach him how deep, how various are
The counsels of thy love and care.
When acts of grace and a long peace,
Breed but rebellion, and displease;
Then give him his own way and will,
Where lawless he may run, until
His own choice hurts him, and the sting
Of his foul sins full sorrows bring.
If Heav'n and Angels, hopes and mirth,
Please not the mole so much as earth,
Give him his mine to dig, or dwell,
And one sad scheme of hideous hell.

## THE ECLIPSE.

WHITHER, O whither didst thou fly;
When did I grieve thy holy eye?
When thou didst mourn to see me lost,
And all thy care and counsels crost.

O do not grieve, where'er thou art!
Thy grief is an undoing smart,
Which doth not only pain, but break
My heart, and makes me blush to speak.
Thy anger I could kiss, and will;
But O! thy grief, thy grief doth kill!

## AFFLICTION.

COME, and welcom! come, refine!
For Moors, if washed by thee, will shine.
Man blossoms at thy touch, and he,
When thou drawst blood, is thy rose-tree.
Crosses make straight his crooked ways,
And clouds but cool his dog-star days;
Diseases too, when by thee blest,
Are both restoratives and rest.
Flowers that in sunshine riot still,
Dye, scorched and sapless. Though storms kill,
The fall is fair even to desire
Where in their sweetness all expire.
O come, pour on! what calms can be
So fair as storms that appease thee?

## RETIREMENT.

FRESH fields and woods! the earth's fair face!
God's footstool and man's dwelling place!
I ask not why the first believer [1]
Did love to be a country liver,
Who to secure pious content
Did pitch by groves and wells his tent,
Where he might view the boundless skie,
And all those glorious lights on high,
With flying meteors, mists, and show'rs,
Subjected hills, trees, meads, and flow'rs,
And ev'ry minute bless the King,
And wise Creator of each thing.

I ask not why he did remove
To happy Mamre's holy grove,
Leaving the cities of the plain
To Lot and his successless train.
All various lusts in cities still
Are found; they are the thrones of ill;
The dismal sinks, where blood is spill'd,
Cages with much uncleanness fill'd.
But rural shades are the sweet sense
Of piety and innocence;
They are the meek's calm region, where
Angels descend and rule the sphere;

[1] *Abraham.*—ED.

Where Heaven lies leaguer, and the Dove
Duely as dew comes from above.
If Eden be on earth at all,
'Tis that which we the country call.

## THE REVIVAL.

UNFOLD! unfold! Take in His light,
Who makes thy cares more short than night.
The joyes which with His day-star rise
He deals to all but drowsie eyes;
And, (what the men of this world miss)
Some drops and dews of future bliss.

Hark! how his winds have chang'd their note!
And with warm whispers call thee out.
The frosts are past, the storms are gone,
And backward life at last comes on.
The lofty groves in express joyes
Reply unto the turtle's voice;
And here in dust and dirt, O here
The lilies of His love appear!

## THE DAY-SPRING.

EARLY, while yet the dark was gay
And gilt with stars, more trim than day,
Heaven's Lily, and the earth's chaste Rose,
The green immortal BRANCH, arose,[1]
And in a solitary place
Bow'd to His Father His blest face.

If this calm season pleased my Prince,
Whose fulness no need could evince,
Why should not I, poor silly sheep,
His hours, as well as practice, keep?
Not that his hand is tyed to these,
From whom time holds his transient lease;
But mornings new creations are,
When men, all night sav'd by His care,
Are still reviv'd; and well He may
Expect them grateful with the day.
So for that first drawght of His hand,
Which finish'd Heaven, and sea, and land,
The Sons of God their thanks did bring,
And all the Morning stars did sing.[2]
Besides, as His part heretofore
The firstlings were of all that bore,
So now each day from all He saves
Their soul's first thoughts and fruits He craves.
This makes Him daily shed and shower

[1] S. Mark, c. i. v. 35. [2] Job, c. xxxviii. v. 7.

His graces at this early hour ;
Which both His care and kindness show,
Chearing the good, quickning the slow.
As holy friends mourn at delay,
And think each minute an hour's stay,
So His divine and loving Dove
With longing throes doth heave and move,
And soare about us while we sleep,
Sometimes quite through that lock doth peep,
And shine, but always without fail
Before the slow scene [1] can unveile,
In new compassions breaks, like light,
And morning-looks, which scatter night.
And wilt thou let thy creature be,
When thou hast watched, asleep to thee ?
Why to unwelcome, loath'd surprizes
Dost leave him, having left his vices ?
Since these, if suffer'd, may again
Lead back the living to the slain.
O change this scourge ! or if as yet
None less will my transgressions fit,
Dissolve, dissolve ! Death cannot do
What I would not submit unto.

## THE RECOVERY.

FAIR vessel of our daily light, whose proud
And previous glories gild that blushing cloud ;
Whose lively fires in swift projections glance

[1] "Sun" in original.—Ed.

From hill to hill, and by refracted chance
Burnish some neighbour rock, or tree, and then
Fly off in coy and winged flames agen ;—
If thou this day
Hold on thy way,
Know I have got a greater light than thine ;
A light, whose shade and back parts thee outshine.[1]
Then get thee down ; then get thee down ;
I have a Sun now of my own.

Those nicer livers, who without thy rays
Stir not abroad, those may thy lustre praise ;
And wanting light, light which no wants doth know,
To thee, weak shiner, like blind Persians bow.
But where that Sun, which tramples on thy head,
From his own bright eternal eye doth shed
One living ray,
There thy dead day
Is needless. Man is to a light made free,[2]
Which shews what thou canst neither shew nor see!
Then get thee down ; then get thee down ;
I have a Sun now of my own.

[1] "Make thee shine" in original.—Ed.
[2] In the original the line reads—
"Is needless, and man to a light made free."—Ed.

## THE NATIVITY.

*Written in the year* 1656.

PEACE? and to all the world? Sure One
And He the Prince of Peace, hath none!
He travails to be born, and then
Is born to travail more agen.
Poor Galilee, thou can'st not be
The place for His nativity.
His restless mother's called away,
And not deliver'd till she pay.

A tax? 'tis so still! We can see
The Church thrive in her misery,
And, like her Head at Bethlem, rise,
When she opprest with troubles lyes.
Rise?—Should all fall we cannot be
In more extremities than He.
Great type of passions! come what will,
Thy grief exceeds all copies still.
Thou cam'st from heaven to earth, that we
Might go from earth to heaven with Thee:
And though Thou found'st no welcom here,
Thou didst provide us mansions there.
A stable was thy court, and when
Men turn'd to beasts, beasts would be men:
They were thy courtiers; others none;

And their poor manger was thy throne.
No swadling silks thy limbs did fold,
Though Thou could'st turn thy rags[1] to gold.
No rockers waited on thy birth,
No cradles stirred, nor songs of mirth;
But her chaste lap and sacred brest,
Which lodg'd Thee first, did give Thee rest.

But stay! what light is that doth stream
And drop here in a gilded beam?
It is thy Star runs page, and brings
Thy tributary Eastern Kings.
Lord! grant some light to us; that we
May with them find the way to Thee!
Behold what mists eclipse the day!
How dark it is! Shed down one ray,
To guide us out of this sad night,
And say once more, *Let there be light!*

## THE TRUE CHRISTMAS.

SO, stick up ivie and the bays,
And then restore the Heathen ways.
Green will remind you of the Spring,
Though this great day denies the thing;
And mortifies the earth, and all
But your wild revels and loose hall.
Could you wear flow'rs, and roses strow,
Blushing upon your breast's warm snow,

[1] "Rays" in original.—ED.

That very dress your lightness will
Rebuke, and wither at the ill.
The brightness of this day we owe
Not unto music, masque, nor showe;
Nor gallant furniture, nor plate,
But to the manger's mean estate.
His life while here, as well as birth,
Was but a check to pomp and mirth;
And all man's greatness you may see
Condemned by His humility.

Then leave your open house and noise,
To welcom him with holy joys,
And the poor shepherds' watchfulness;
Whom light and hymns from Heav'n did bless
What you abound with cast abroad
To those that want, and ease your loade.
Who empties thus will bring more in;
But riot is both loss and sin.
Dress finely what comes not in sight,
And then you keep your Christmas right;

## THE REQUEST.

THOU! who didst deny to me
This world's adored felicity,
And ev'ry big imperious lust,
Which fools admire in sinful dust,
With those fine subtle twists that tye
Their bundles of foul gallantry,—

Keep still my weak eyes from the shine
Of those gay things which are not thine.
And shut my ears against the noise
Of wicked, though applauded, joys!
For Thou in any land hast store
Of shades and coverts for thy poor;
Where from the busie dust and heat,
As well as storms, they may retreat.
A rock or bush are downy beds,
When Thou art there, crowning their heads
With secret blessings, or a tire
Made of the Comforter's live-fire.
And when thy goodness in the dress
Of anger, will not seem to bless,
Yet do'st Thou give them that rich rain,
Which as it drops clears all again.

O what kind visits daily pass
'Twixt Thy great Self and such poor grass!
With what sweet looks doth Thy love shine
On those low violets of thine,
While the tall tulip is accurst,
And Crowns Imperial dye with thirst!
O give me still those secret meals,
Those rare repasts which Thy love deals!
Give me that joy which none can grieve,
And which in all griefs doth relieve.
This is the portion thy child begs;
Not that of rust, and rags, and dregs.

## THE WORLD.

CAN any tell me what it is? Can you,
That wind your thoughts into a clue,
To guide out others, while yourselves stay in,
And hug the sin?
I who so long in it have liv'd,
That, if I might,
In truth I would not be repriev'd,
Have neither sight
Nor sense that knows
These ebbs and flows;
But since of all, all may be said,
And likeliness doth but upbraid
And mock the truth, which still is lost
In fine conceits, like streams in a sharp frost;
I will not strive, nor the rule break,
Which doth give losers leave to speak.
Then false and foul world, and unknown
Even to thy own,
Here I renounce thee, and resign
Whatever thou canst say is thine.

Thou art not Truth! for he that trics
Shall find thee all deceit and lyes.
Thou art not Friendship! for in thee
'Tis but the bait of policie;
Which like a viper lodged in flowers,
Its venom through that sweetness pours.

And when not so, then always 'tis
A fading paint, the short-lived bliss
Of air and humour, out and in,
Like colours in a dolphin's skin:
But must not live beyond one day,
Or [for] convenience, then away.
Thou art not Riches! for that trash,
Which one age hoards, the next doth wash,
And so severely sweep away,
That few remember where it lay.
So rapid streams the wealthy land
About them have at their command;
And shifting channels here restore,
There break down, what they bank'd before.
Thou art not Honour! for those gay
Feathers will wear and drop away;
And princes to some upstart line
Give new ones, that are full as fine.
Thou art not Pleasure! For thy rose
Upon a thorn doth still repose,
Which, if not cropt, will quickly shed,
But soon as cropt grows dull and dead.

Thou art the sand which fills one glass,
And then doth to another pass;
And could I put thee to a stay,
Thou art but dust. Then go thy way,
And leave me clean and bright, though poor;
Who stops thee doth but daub his floor;
And, swallow-like, when he hath done,
To unknown dwellings must be gone.

Welcome pure thoughts and peaceful hours,

Enrich'd with sunshine and with show'rs!
Welcom fair hopes and holy cares,
The not-to-be-repented shares
Of time and business, the sure road
Unto my last and loved abode!
O supreme bliss!
The circle, centre, and abyss
Of blessings, never let me miss
Nor leave that path, which leads to Thee,
Who art alone all things to me!
I hear, I see, all the long day
The noise and pomp of the "broad way;"
I note their coarse [1] and proud approaches,
Their silks, perfumes, and glittering coaches.
But in the "narrow way" to Thee
I observe only poverty,
And despised things; and all along
The ragged, mean, and humble throng
Are still on foot; and as they go
They sigh, and say, their Lord went so!

Give me my staff then, as it stood
When green and growing in the wood.
(Those stones, which for the altar served,
Might not be smooth'd nor finely carved:)
With this poor stick I'll pass the ford,
As Jacob did. And Thy dear word,
As Thou hast dressed it, not as wit
And deprav'd tastes have poison'd it,
Shall in the passage be my meat,
And none else will thy servant eat.

[1] "Course" in original.—Ed.

Thus, thus, and in no other sort,
Will I set forth, though laughed at for't;
And leaving the wise world their way,
Go through, though judg'd to go astray.

## THE BEE.

FROM fruitful beds and flowery borders,
Parcell'd to wasteful ranks and orders,
Where state grasps more than plain truth needs,
And wholesome herbs are starv'd by weeds,
To the wild woods I will be gone,
And the coarse meals of great Saint John.

When truth and piety are mist
Both in the rulers and the priest;
When pity is not cold, but dead,
And the rich eat the poor like bread;
While factious heads, with open coile
And force, first make, then share, the spoile;
To Horeb then Elias goes,
And in the desart grows the rose.
Haile chrystal fountains and fresh shades!
Where no proud look invades,
No busie worldling hunts away
The sad retirer all the day!
Haile, happy, harmless solitude!
Our sanctuary from the rude
And scornful world; the calm recess

Of faith, and hope, and holiness!
Here something still like Eden looks;
Honey in woods, juleps in brooks;
And flowers, whose rich unrifled sweets
With a chaste kiss the cool dew greets,
When the toyls of the day are done,
And the tir'd world sets with the sun.
Here flying winds, and flowing wells,
Are the wise watchful hermit's bells;
Their busie murmurs all the night
To praise or prayer do invite,
And with an awful sound arrest,
And piously employ his breast.

When in the east the dawn doth blush,
Here cool, fresh spirits the air brush.
Herbs strait get up, flowers peep and spread,
Trees whisper praise, and bow the head;
Birds, from the shades of night releast,
Look round about, then quit the neast,
And with united gladness sing
The glory of the morning's King.
The hermit hears, and with meek voice
Offers his own up, and their joys:
Then prays that all the world may be
Blest with as sweet an unity.

If sudden storms the day invade,
They flock about him to the shade,
Where wisely they expect the end,
Giving the tempest time to spend;
And hard by shelters on some bough
Hilarion's servant, the sage crow.

O purer years of light and grace!
Great is the difference, as the space,[1]
'Twixt you and us, who blindly run
After false fires and leave the sun.
Is not fair Nature of herself
Much richer than dull paint, or pelf?
And are not streams at the spring-head
More sweet than in carv'd stone or lead?
But fancy and some artist's tools
Frame a religion for fools.

The truth, which once was plainly taught,
With thorns and briars now is fraught.
Some part is with bold fables spotted,
Some by strange comments wildly blotted;
And discord (old corruption's crest,)
With blood and blame have[2] stain'd the rest.
So snow, which in its first descents
A whiteness like pure Heav'n presents,
When touched by man is quickly soil'd,
And after trodden down and spoil'd.

O lead me, where I may be free
In truth and spirit to serve Thee!
Where undisturb'd I may converse
With thy great Self; and there rehearse
Thy gifts with thanks; and from thy store,
Who art all blessings, beg much more!
Give me the wisdom of the bee,
And her unwearied industrie:

[1] In the original this line runs—
"The diff'rence is great, as the space."—ED.
[2] Original has "hath."—ED.

That from the wild gourds of these days,
I may extract health, and Thy praise,
Who canst turn darkness into light,
And in my weakness shew Thy might!

Suffer me not in any want
To seek refreshment from a plant
Thou didst not set; since all must be
Plucked up, whose growth is not from Thee.
'Tis not the garden, and the bowers,
Nor sense and forms, that give to flowers
Their wholesomeness; but Thy good will,
Which truth and pureness purchase still.

Then since corrupt man hath driven hence
Thy kind and saving influence,
And Balm is no more to be had
In all the coasts of Gilead;
Go with me to the shade and cell,
Where thy best servants once did dwell.
There let me know thy will, and see
Exil'd religion owned by Thee;
For Thou canst turn dark grots to halls,
And make hills blossome like the vales,
Decking their untill'd heads with flowers,
And fresh delights for all sad hours;
Till from them, like a laden bee,
I may fly home, and hive with Thee!

## TO CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

FAREWELL thou true and tried refection
Of the still poor and meek Election!
Farewell, soul's joy, the quickening health
Of spirits, and their secret wealth!
Farewell, my Morning Star, the bright
And dawning looks of the true light!
O blessed shiner! tell me whither
Thou wilt be gone, when night comes hither?
A seër that observed thee in
Thy course, and watched the growth of sin,
Hath given his judgment, and foretold,
That westward hence thy course will hold;
And when the day with us is done,
There fix and shine a glorious sun.
O hated shades and darkness! when
You have got here the sway agen,
And like unwholesome fogs withstood
The light, and blasted all that's good,
Who shall the happy shepherds be,
To watch the next Nativity
Of truth and brightness, and make way
For the returning rising day?
O! what year will bring back our bliss?
Or who shall live, when God doth this?

Thou Rock of ages! and the Rest

Of all that for Thee are opprest!
Send down the Spirit of thy truth,
That Spirit, which the tender youth,
And first growths of thy spouse did spread
Through all the world from one small head!
Then if to blood we must resist,
Let thy mild Dove and our High Priest,
Help us, when man proves false, or frowns,
To bear the Cross and save our Crowns:
O honour those that honour Thee!
Make babes to still the enemie:
And teach an infant of few days
To perfect by his death thy praise:
Let none defile what Thou didst wed,
Nor tear the garland from her head!
But chaste and chearful let her dye,
And precious in the Bridegroom's eye!
So to thy glory, and her praise,
These last shall be her brightest dayes.

Revel. chap. last, ver. 17.

"*The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.*"

## DAPHNIS.

*An Elegiac Eclogue.* [*On the death of the Rev'd Thomas Vaughan.*[1]]

The Interlocutors, *Damon*, *Menalcas*.

*Damon.*

WHAT clouds, Menalcas, do oppress thy brow,
Flowers in a sunshine never look so low.
Is Nisa still cold flint? or have thy lambs
Met with the fox by straying from their dams?

*Menalcas.*

Ah, Damon, no! my lambs are safe; and she
Is kind, and much more white than they can be.
But what doth life when most serene afford
Without a worm which gnaws her fairest gourd?
Our days of gladness are but short reliefs,
Giv'n to reserve us for enduring griefs:
So smiling calms close tempests breed, which break
Like spoilers out, and kill our flocks when weak.
I heard last May, and May is still high spring,
The pleasant Philomel her vespers sing.

[1] The words in brackets were added by Mr. Lyte.—Ed.

The green wood glitter'd with the golden
sun,
And all the west like silver shin'd; not one
Black cloud [appeared]; no rags, no spot[1] did
stain
The welkin's beauty; nothing frowned like
rain.
But ere night came that scene of fine sights
turn'd
To fierce dark shadows, the air with lightnings
burn'd,
The wood's sweet syren, rudely thus oppressed,
Gave to the storm her weak and weary breast.
I saw her next day on her last cold bed:
And Daphnis so, just so is Daphnis, dead!

*Damon.*

So violets, so doth the primrose, fall,
At once the spring's pride, and its funeral.
Such early[2] sweets get off still in their prime,
And stay not here to wear the foil of time;
While coarser flowers, which none would miss,
if past,
To scorching summers and cold autumns last.

*Menalcas.*

Souls need not time. The early forward
things
Are always fledg'd, and gladly use their wings.

[1] Original has "nor spots."—Ed.
[2] Original has "easy."—Ed.

Or else great parts, when injured, quit the crowd,
To shine above still, not behind, the cloud.
And is't not just to leave those to the night
That madly hate and persecute the light?
Who, doubly dark, all negroes do exceed,
And inwardly are true black Moores indeed!

*Damon.*

The punishment still manifests the sin,
As outward signs shew the disease within.
While worth opprest mounts to a nobler height,
And palm-like bravely overtops the weight.
So where swift Isca from our lofty hills
With loud farewells descends, and foaming fills
A wider channel, like some great port-vein
With large rich streams to feed the humble plain,
I saw an oak, whose stately height and shade,
Projected far, a goodly shelter made;
And from the top with thick diffused boughs
In distant rounds grew, like a wood nymph's house.
Here many garlands won at roundel-lays
Old shepherds hung up in those happy days;
With knots and girdles, the dear spoils and dress
Of such bright maids as did true lovers bless.
And many times had old Amphion made
His beauteous flock acquainted with this shade;
His flock, whose fleeces were as smooth and white
As those the welkin shews in moonshine night.

Here, when the careless world did sleep, have I
In dark records and numbers nobly high
The visions of our black, but brightest bard
From old Amphion's mouth full often heard;
With all those plagues poor shepherds since have known,
And riddles more which future times must own:
While on his pipe young Hylas plaid, and made
Music as solemn as the song and shade.
But the curs'd owner from the trembling top
To the firm brink did all those branches lop;
And in one hour what many years had bred,
The pride and beauty of the plain, lay dead.
The undone swains in sad songs mourn'd their loss,
While storms and cold winds did encrease[1] the cross;
But nature, which, like virtue, scorns to yield,
Brought new recruits and succours to the field;
For by next spring the check'd sap waked from sleep,
And upward still to feel the sun did creep;
Till at those wounds the hated hewer made
There sprang a thicker and a fresher shade.

*Menalcas.*

So thrives afflicted truth! and so the light,
When put out, gains a value from the night.

[1] Original has "improve."—Ed.

How glad are we, when but one twinkling star
Peeps betwixt clouds more black than is our
tar?
And Providence was kind, that ordered this
To the brave suff'rer should be solid bliss:
Nor is it so till this short life be done,
But goes hence with him, and is still his sun.

*Damon.*

Come, shepherds, then, and with your
greenest bays
Refresh his dust, who loved your learned lays.
Bring here the florid glories of the spring,
And, as you strew them, pious anthems sing;
Which to your children and the years to come
May speak of Daphnis, and be never dumb.
While prostrate I drop on his quiet urn
My tears, not gifts; and like the poor, that
mourn
With green but humble turfs, write o'er his
hearse
For false foul prose-men this fair truth in verse.

"Here Daphnis sleeps! and while the great
watch goes
"Of loud and restless time takes his repose.
"Fame is but noise; all learning but a thought,
"Which one admires, another sets at nought:
"Nature mocks both; and wit still keeps
adoe:
"But death brings knowledge and assurance
too."

*Menalcas.*

Cast in your garlands! strew on all the flowers,
Which May with smiles or April feeds with showers;
Let this day's rites, as steadfast as the sun,
Keep pace with time and through all ages run;
The public character and famous test
Of our long sorrows and his lasting rest.
And when we make procession on the plains,
Or yearly keep the holyday of swains,
Let Daphnis still be the recorded name,
And solemn honour of our feasts and fame.
For though the Isis and the prouder Thames
Can shew his relics lodged hard by their streams,
And must for ever to the honour'd name
Of noble Murrey[1] chiefly owe that fame:
Yet here his stars first saw him, and when fate
Beckoned him hence, it knew no other date.
Nor will these vocal woods and vallies fail,
Nor Isca's louder streams, this to bewail;
But while swains hope, and seasons change, will glide
With moving murmurs because Daphnis di'd.

*Damon.*

A fatal sadness, such as still foregoes,
Then runs along with public plagues and woes,

[1] Sir Robert Murray, Thomas Vaughan's patron. See Biography, p. xix.—Ed.

Lies heavy on us; and the very light
Turn'd mourner too, hath the dull looks of night.
Our vales, like those of death, a darkness shew
More sad than Cypress or the gloomy Yew.
And on our hills, where health with height complied,
Thick drowsy mists hang round, and there reside.
Not one short parcel of the tedious year
In its own dress and beauty doth appear.
Flowers hate the spring; and with a sullen bend
Thrust down their heads, which to the root still tend.
And though the Sun, like a cold lover, peeps
A little at them, still the days-eye sleeps,
But when the Crab and Lion with acute
And active fires their sluggish heat recruit,
Our grass straight russets, and each scorching day
Drinks up our brooks as fast as dew in May;
Till the sad herdsman with his cattel faints,
And empty channels ring with loud complaints.

*Menalcas.*

Heaven's just displeasure and our unjust ways
Change nature's course; bring plagues, dearth, and decays.
This turns our land to dust, the skies to brass,
Makes old kind blessings into curses pass:
And when we learn unknown and forraign crimes
Brings in the vengeance due unto those climes.
The dregs and puddle of all ages now,
Like rivers near their fall, on us do flow.
Ah, happy Daphnis! who while yet the streams

Ran clear and warm, though but with setting
beams,
Got through, and saw by that declining light
His toil's and journey's end before the night.

*Damon.*

A night, where darkness lays her chains and
bars,
And feral fires appear instead of stars:
But he along with the last looks of day
Went hence, and setting (sunlike) past away.
What future storms our present sins do hatch
Some in the dark discern, and others watch;
Though foresight makes no hurricane prove
mild,
Fury that's long fermenting is most wild.
But see, while thus our sorrows we discourse,
Phœbus hath finish't his diurnal course;
The shades prevail: each bush seems bigger
grown;
Darkness, like state, makes small things swell
and frown:
The hills and woods with pipes and sonnets
round,
And bleating sheep our swains drive home,
resound.

*Menalcas.*

What voice from yonder lawn tends hither?
Hark!
'Tis Thyrsis calls! I hear Lycanthe bark!
His flocks left out so late, and weary grown,
Are to the thickets gone, and there laid down.

*Damon.*

Menalcas, haste to look them out! Poor sheep
When day is done go willingly to sleep:
And could bad man his time spend as they do,
He might go sleep, or die, as willing too.

*Menalcas.*

Farewell, kind Damon! now the shepherd's star
With beauteous looks smiles on us though from far.
All creatures that were favorites of day
Are with the sun retir'd and gone away.
While feral birds send forth unpleasant notes,
And night, the nurse of thoughts, sad thoughts promotes:
But joy will yet come with the morning-light,
Though sadly now we bid good night!

*Damon.*

Good night!

14

THE END.

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Peace.

My soul there is a country,
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skilful in the wars.
There above noise & danger
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
And - O my soul awake! -
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither
There grows the flower of Peace
The Rose that cannot wither
Thy fortress and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure
But One who never changes -
Thy God thy life, thy cure.

Vaughan.

Sung in King's College Chapel
Lent 1921